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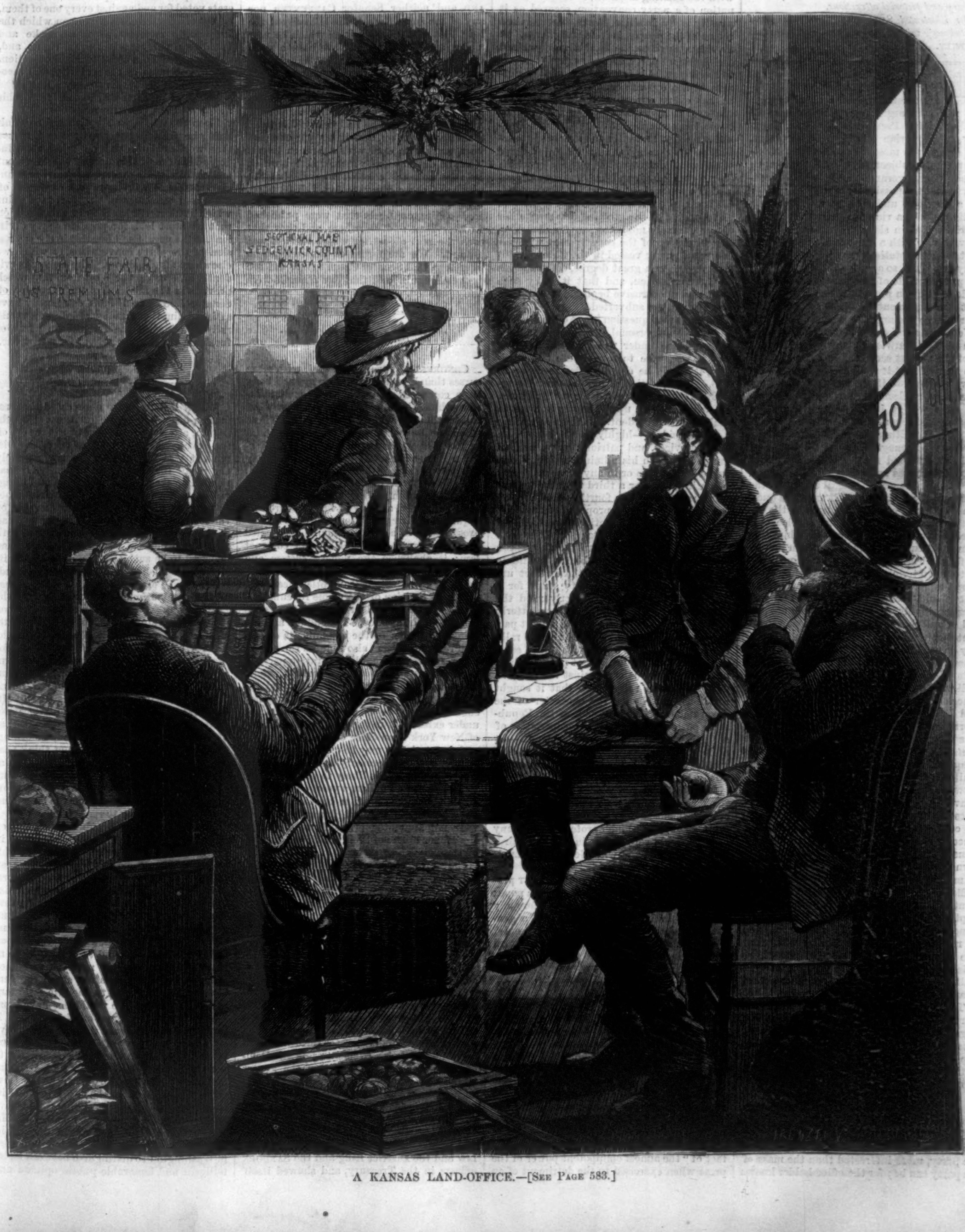

A KANSAS LAND-OFFICE.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

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A THIRD TERM.

THE argument against a third term is really an argument against the re-eligibility of the President. And Mr. FREEMAN, the historian of federal government, and one of the most accomplished authorities upon the subject, says, in his paper upon Presidential government: "It is undoubtedly true that the possibility of re-election does lay a President under temptation to act in all things with a view to re-election; that it degrades him, in short, from a ruler into a canvasser. With a weak or mediocre President these temptations are greatly increased. They are, again, so aggravated in America by the present mode of election that, while that mode of election prevails, we may safely say that the arguments against re-eligibility overbalance the arguments for it."

Yet, while a fixed constitutional restriction might be unwise, an unwritten law may be of the utmost service. In an emergency like that of 1864 it would have been a very grave misfortune if Mr. LINCOLN could not have been re-elected. But such emergencies are few. In 1872, although the argument against renomination was very strongly urged, and although the interest and the power of patronage were undeniable, and while many voted for the President under protest, there was an equally undeniable and palpable preference of General GRANT by the vast majority of his party. It may be a question whether it be better to trust to the unwritten law which limits the service of a President to eight years, or to give him that term constitutionally and make him ineligible for re-election, but there can be no doubt that a third term should never be thought of except under extraordinary circumstances.

It is said, indeed, that there is really no question involved; that the people are sovereign, and that if they wish to elect a President continuously for his life, they may properly do so. Once in four years, it is said, we renew the Administration, and if the servants of the state have served it wisely and well, why should they not be called to their places again? In the Swiss cantons of Uri and Unterwalden, where, on a bright May morning, all the voting population assembles in some green field and decides whether the *Amtmann* shall be continued, the process is simple and practicable and wise. But the United States are not a canton of Uri or Unterwalden. We proceed by delegates and conventions and nominations; and when the question of a third term is proposed, it must be considered in the light of familiar facts. Checks and balances in free political systems are adopted because men know their own weakness, and because it is necessary to make the indulgence of personal ambition difficult. The reason that limited the Presidential term to four years really was the perception that it was desirable that at stated times the Chief Executive should be renewed or re-elected by the free popular will. But the moment it is seen that conditions have arisen which restrain the freedom of that will, nothing is more perilous or more absurd than to assume that it continues free.

The President, belonging to a dominant party, and at the head of an immense and organized army of office-holders, when he sets his heart upon a renomination, goes into the convention to play against the country with loaded dice. If the convention actually represented the popular will, there would be no doubt that its action could be safely sustained, unless we abandon the whole theory of the government. But we all know that it does not represent that will. It represents the purpose of a certain interested class in the party, more interested than the mass of the party can be; for the office-holder knows that his actual livelihood is at stake, while the mass of the voters consider but the vague general interest of the country and the more palpable interest of the party. Generally the most powerful motive at the polls is the success of the party, and he who can secure the party nomination wins the day. The work begins in the primary meeting, and as between the drilled agents of those who have this vital personal interest and those who have only patriotic motives, what chance in the primary have the latter? It may be true that in a popular government there is constant danger that the interest of some organized class will become paramount, but that is only a conclusive reason for guarding in every way against the consequences of such a tendency.

If, indeed, there be some great overshadowing issue before the country, the organization of the interested class may not prevail, but even then there will be a hard struggle, while in ordinary times that class will inevitably succeed. The country is practically divided into two parties, and, with the existing methods, to call the nomination of a party convention, secured as it usually is by familiar means, the unbiased action of the people, is to misuse words. A President in office, the head of an organized and dominant party, does not submit himself to the impartial judgment of his fellow-citizens in the convention. On the contrary, he has every opportunity of making that convention represent his own wishes. To quote the examples of JOHNSON and FILLMORE and TYLER as illustrations of his practical powerlessness is vain, because all three of them had destroyed the parties by which they were elected, and had no party organization upon which to depend. The unwritten law that a President shall serve for two terms only, and the growing doubt whether one long term be not better, are founded upon the conviction of the country that with the enormous power vested in the Chief Executive he can, in a great degree, command his own renomination, and that it is by such quiet and unobtrusive beginnings that popular systems are subverted.

The practical question is one of good sense, and wholly impersonal. It does not follow that, because under the circumstances of 1872 it was wise to renominate the President, it would be equally wise to do so in 1876. The question is not whether General GRANT can be trusted for a third term, but whether it is, upon the whole, wise to establish the precedent. Is there any thing in the President—highly as we honor him for his services, and patriotic as we believe him to be—or in his administration, which makes it desirable or in any sense necessary to continue him for a third term that is not equally applicable to a fourth and fifth term? Can any advantage be proposed from such a precedent which is not entirely overbalanced by the obvious disadvantages? There can be no greater mistake than the suggestion that he is the only Republican candidate who could be elected, for the distinct understanding that he meant to stand for a third term would most properly rend the party asunder, and make its success utterly hopeless. In the total want of a great party issue, which might be relied upon to rally the voters, and with a party feud upon some of the most vital questions of public policy, no more victorious cry against the party in power could be raised than that it sought insidiously to change the character of the government. The weakness of the Republican party to-day is not the superiority of any policy proposed by the Democrats—for a Democratic policy, in any just sense in which words are used, is an unmeaning phrase—but it is discontent within the party, arising from impatience with many of the men and practices which the party tolerates. Thousands of persons voted for General GRANT in 1872 under protest. How many of them would vote for him in 1876 as a third-term candidate, and with General BUTLER'S civil service triumphant?

We have no fear that General GRANT proposes to make himself an emperor or a pope; but it should be well understood before any plans are laid that there would be a general and decisive "uprising of the people" against any serious suggestion of a third term.

SENATOR CARPENTER AND THE PRESS.

SENATOR CARPENTER is naturally troubled by the criticisms upon his extraordinary proposition to try in Washington libels published in New York, and he has written a letter to the New York *Times* in justification and explanation of his course. The Senator will not accuse us of any hostility to him, and as we are among those who have censured his bill, we owe it to fair play to consider his explanation. We do it the more willingly because we recognize with him the fact of "the almost omnipotent power of the press when exercised to the detriment of an individual." The only part of his explanation in which we have any especial interest is that which relates to publishing libels. Having asserted that if a New York manufacturer opens a branch house in another city, which is managed by an agent, the delinquency of the branch ought to be cognizable by the courts of the district in which the branch is situated, he proceeds to say that if a newspaper company should establish a branch house in Washington, the offenses of that branch should be tried there. That may be true; but it is not the case. No great journals in New York or elsewhere have branch houses of publication in Washington. They have correspondents and a news office; nothing more. Very well, in that case, says Senator CARPENTER, the paper could not be sued for libel in Washington, and the bill has been misunderstood, and I have been injuriously misrepresented.

Not at all. The Senator's explanation is an after-thought, and for the reason that at the time in the Senate the operation of the bill, as understood by the press, was plainly exposed by Senators WADLEIGH and BAYARD, and neither Senator CARPENTER nor any of the supporters of his bill offered the least hint of the explanation which he now makes, and which would have been a sufficient answer to the charge that he proposed to gag the press. When the apparent wrong which was sure to result from his bill was vehemently pointed out to him, Mr. CARPENTER could not have failed to correct the misapprehension if he had believed it to be a misapprehension, and if his purpose had been merely to deal with a branch house. That he did not make the correction which he now makes is conclusive proof that the charge of those Senators was well founded, namely, that Mr. CARPENTER meant to try in Washington libels that were published in New York and elsewhere, and that that was the real object for which the bill was framed. We are forced to the conclusion, therefore, that Senator CARPENTER'S defense proves his guilt, and that our remarks were fully justified.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS adjourned, as usual, with more curses than blessings. But every such body is so composed and subject to such influences that it is to be judged rather by what it does than by what it fails to do. Those who describe it as "a den of thieves" and a nest of jobbers merely declare with rhetorical vehemence that it has not done many things which they hoped would be done. But this Congress deserves to be honored for its freedom from jobbery and for its general high character, as well as for its searching inquiry into irregularities, and exposure of gross abuses of administration. It repealed the salary grab and the SANBORN contract law; it abolished the moiety system and the District government; and the good impetus of these acts will doubtless lead to a thorough revision of the whole revenue system. For the repeal of the moiety system is a far-reaching blow. The sudden and immense reduction of the emoluments of certain revenue officers also reduces the pecuniary resources of the Administration party in the elections, and tends to restore the Custom-house to its legitimate function. That the salaries named are in all cases what they should be may be doubted. For instance, under existing laws the position of Collector of New York is an office of such importance and power that it may be questioned whether a man of the necessary knowledge, experience, and ability is likely to be secured for twelve thousand dollars a year. There have been Collectors of another kind, indeed, who have been paid very much more, but they were not appointed primarily to discharge the proper duties of their position. And one of the very great services of this Congress is the step toward a reform of the abuses of this civil service by restoring it to its purpose which is taken by the repeal of the whole system of moieties and perquisites—except in cases of actual smuggling—which was intended not to save money to the treasury of the country, but to provide money for the treasury of a party.

Another important result of the reforms adopted by this Congress is the evidence which they furnish that the Republican majority was wise enough to know that the party is quite strong enough to criticise and reform its own measures and men. We observe that a "Liberal" orator the other evening proposed to his friends to join the Democrats, and recounted many of the abuses which the Republicans have exposed and corrected as reasons for opposing the Republican party. There is a fatal touch of comedy in all "Liberal" performance just now. If Congress had clung to the salary grab, and retained the moieties and the SANBORN law and the District Ring and the SANBORN officers in the Treasury, and showed itself sullen and incredulous toward all complaint, there would have been some reason in the denunciation of the party. But as it has been a peculiarly honest and a strictly inquiring and a radically reforming body, the invitation to step over and try the Democrats is exquisitely ludicrous.

On the other hand, Congress has evaded the passage of the Civil Rights Bill; it has virtually baffled a systematic reform of the civil service; and it has legalized a certain amount of inflation. But such action, of course, settles nothing. The award of the *Alabama* money, for instance, is plainly unjust, but the just claimants will continue to appear. The rightful demands of equal citizenship, which the Civil Rights Bill would have secured, will be continuously heard until they are granted. The evils and dangers of an absurd system of the civil service will only strengthen the cry for reform; and the dishonored pledges of the national faith will still plague our business and our consciences. The political fact to be observed in all these questions is that there were no party lines drawn upon them. Republicans and Democrats voted for and against every one of them, except the Civil Rights Bill, upon which the Democratic members, as usual, spoke and voted as a party against equal rights, and, as usual, pleaded a constitutional objection. The Republicans, as the majority, will theoretically bear the responsibility. But at the polls, where the facts will be considered, this theory will not harm them.

Upon the whole, we are disposed to think that the session has strengthened rather than weakened the party. What most injures it is the final action of the President and certain leading members upon the financial question, for it shows both confusion of mind and weakness of purpose on a point which is most vital. It is in this direction that we must look for possible party divisions, as the paramount interest in the expression of the party conventions, to which we elsewhere allude, shows. The feeling is evidently different in the West from that which prevails in the East. But the excursion of Senator LOGAN to Illinois can hardly have satisfied him that a policy of inflation would rally and inspire the Republican party, or furnish a victorious platform for a new one.

AN OFFENSE AND A REBUKE.

WHEN last week we deprecated the promotion of ex-Governor SHEPHERD, of Washington, after the exposures of the report of the investigating committee upon the District, it was because we foresaw precisely the result that has taken place. And that result is a feeling of amazement and indignation that the President should nominate to the chief place in the new government of the District a person whose career as head of the old government a committee of both Houses of Congress, and of both parties, had declared to be such that the government itself was abolished as the surest and speediest way of being rid of him. The offense of the nomination is not condoned by the fact that the President, immediately upon its overwhelming rejection by the Senate, sent in the name of a gentleman of the highest character, and admirably fitted for the position, because the question was unavoidable, Why was not Mr. CATTELL nominated at first? There can, indeed, be no excuse for such a nomination as that of Mr. SHEPHERD. That the President does not believe him to be dishonest, or thinks that he has been unjustly condemned, is nothing. Congress and the country do not think that he has been unjustly condemned, and as Congress had peremptorily removed him, there was no reason whatever that, to show his own unchanged opinion, the President should ask Congress to restore him.

The Presidency is a public trust, and of course the incumbent is to discharge it in the manner which he believes to be right. So far as he can, he is to see that no man suffers injustice. But he is not, therefore, to insist unreasonably upon setting his opinion against that of Congress. In this case the President may think that Mr. SHEPHERD has been wronged. But surely he has no right to insult Congress, whose opinion upon the subject he is bound to believe to be as honest as his own. It must be presumed that the President does not share the general feeling in regard to the late Secretary of the Treasury, or he would not have nominated him to the Court of Claims. But is it possible that he could think it would have been proper, by way of showing his opinion of Mr. RICHARDSON and his associates, to nominate the late Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury with the late Governor of the District as the new Board of District Commissioners? Yet this would have differed from his action in nominating Mr. SHEPHERD only in degree, not in kind. It is, as we know, very hard for many public men in Washington to distinguish between an intelligent and honorable public opinion and

what is called party clamor or newspaper abuse. Such persons are ready to believe that whatever is said against men or measures of the dominant party springs either from a Democratic partisan or a Republican "sore head." This is a short and easy way with dissenters. And it is one of the most serious misfortunes of this Administration that the President seems to share the delusion, so that a sturdy and sustained attack upon a person or a system seems often to attach him more tenaciously to both, from the erroneous assumption that the assault must be unjust.

The result in the instance of the nomination of Mr. SHEPHERD in the face of the deliberately expressed opinion of Congress will be useful if it reminds the President of that public opinion which is intelligent and constantly watchful, and which, although political hucksters scorn it as impracticable, makes and unmakes Presidents and parties. Of the forty-two Senators who voted, thirty-six declared for rejection and six for confirmation, the six being PATTERSON, CLAYTON, SPENCER, FLANAGAN, JONES, and SARGENT. Evidently a large number disgracefully evaded a vote. But as usual the cowardly way was the worst way; for to run away was neither to gratify the President nor to merit the approval of the country. To let "I dare not" wait upon "I would" is not a dignified performance for a Senator of the United States.

OFFICIAL CHANGES AT WASHINGTON.

MR. CRESWELL has been a most energetic and intelligent Postmaster-General, and to his efforts more than to those of any other individual is the repeal of the franking abuse due. The position that he has filled is one of great difficulty and constant annoyance, but MR. CRESWELL has no reason to shrink from the comparison with his predecessors, nor to doubt his honorable remembrance in the department. His successor, Mr. EUGENE HALE, of Maine, is an accomplished man of the best reputation, young, but of long experience in Congress, where he has taken a leading part, and his management of the Post-office will doubtless be vigorous and intelligent. He is a personal friend of the President, and will be the New England representative in the cabinet. At home he is very popular, and was re-elected in 1872 against a very strenuous and, as its friends believed, a very strong opposition. With the new Secretary of the Treasury and the new Postmaster-General there is an infusion of the best "young blood" in the cabinet deliberations.

Of Mr. CADWALLADER and Mr. MORAN, the new first and third Assistant Secretaries of State, there is but one opinion among those who know them—that they are peculiarly fitted for their positions.

PHELPS, DODGE, & CO.

PROBABLY very few persons who read the speech of General BUTLER against the house of PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. believed that his statements were correct, or doubted that it was an ingenious special plea of an "Old Bailey" advocate. It was the final desperate effort of the apologist of the gross iniquities of the SANBORN and moiety affairs to discredit the house through whose persecution the infamies of the whole system were exposed, and the position of General BUTLER has been distinctly revealed. But although the assailant was utterly and ludicrously discomfited in the House, Messrs. PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. have not chosen to allow his deliberate misrepresentations in regard to their house to pass unexposed, and have conclusively replied to his charges: first, that they had defrauded the government by importing metals in the form of works of art; and second, that in the tariff of 1864, which temporarily raised the rates of duty on imports fifty per cent., Mr. DODGE had the position of a comma changed so that his house cleared two millions and a quarter of dollars.

To the first charge the house replies that when the importations mentioned by General BUTLER took place the firm of PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. did not exist, and none of its present or late members were engaged in the metal-importing business. To the second the reply is, that under the punctuation of the law, as printed, the same invoice was required to be entered at two conflicting rates. This was manifestly absurd; and upon appealing to Mr. FESSENDEN, then Secretary of the Treasury, he said that he had been chairman of the committee which had had the whole subject in charge, and that he knew the comma to be wrongly placed. General BUTLER made a third charge, to the effect that PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. were common swindlers, and that all their invoices were tainted with fraud. They reply that the whole amount even claimed by the government upon an importation of some $40,000,000 during five years is only $1600, and that this was due to a difficulty which every merchant knows, namely, the intricacy of the law which compelled them, under heavy penalties, to invoice both at the cost price and the market price.

The reply of the firm was not necessary to the vindication of a mercantile reputation which, since the facts have been known, is seen to have been wholly unstained, but it completes the exposure of the utter recklessness of General BUTLER's statements.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.
No. XIX.

PARIS is still a mediæval city, and lingers far behind its fellows in many of the commoner traits of civilization. Delicacy, grace, purity, are often wanting to its daily life, and one marks every where in its literature and manners an extraordinary absence of that natural refinement that has sprung up in all educated lands. Comfort and neatness seem scarcely known to its people. Its older streets are narrow and cheerless; its palaces bleak, bare, and wanting in architectural grace; the Tuileries wearies by its sameness, and Notre Dame broods like a chill cavern over its narrow isle. A few groves and gardens alone soften the monotonous grandeur of the boulevards; long ranges of discolored and cheerless public buildings line the banks of the Seine. A damp, unhealthy atmosphere rests upon their stony courts and gloomy chambers. There is nothing of the ease and comfort, the warmth and life, of our transatlantic cities to be found in the mediæval capital, and when in winter the trees are bare and leafless, the streets swept by chilling winds, the people driven from their accustomed seats in the parks and boulevards, it is to be feared that the homes of the majority of the Parisians want many a solace that is to be found in more abundant climes. They hide in their ill-warmed apartments until a gleam of sunshine tempts the whole population to the streets, or throng the cafés and theatres, that offer a transitory excitement.

An exclusiveness, an intense national vanity scarcely surpassed in China, shut out the French from familiar intercourse with other nations. They know little of what passes in other lands, and seldom care to learn. The French press has no correspondence and little news. Its articles are often brilliant with rare wit and graceful writing. It abounds in keen satire and sharp political discussion; but one soon grows weary of a ceaseless round of well-worn arguments, of essays upon monarchy and republicanism, and the wrangles of politicians who seem to have studied no history but their own. The severity of the press laws, it is stated, prevents the establishment of any important journals in France. The great outlay that attends the American or the English newspapers could hardly be ventured upon in a country where an unguarded word or an obnoxious article might lead to the confiscation of the whole property. The French are satisfied with a few lines of telegraphic news, and a narrow sheet that is filled up with chapters of an indifferent novel. An extraordinary ignorance of the general progress of mankind is the necessary result of this indifference to the affairs of the exterior world. Few Frenchmen know much more of what happens in America than of the politics of Hawaii or Japan; and even of England or Germany they are little better informed. A geographical work was recently printed by an eminent professor of the Military Academy at St. Cyr for the use of the French army. It abounds in errors so gross as to attract the notice even of native critics. The frontier towns of Belgium are described as they existed thirty years ago. The French army is instructed that fortresses frown where they have long been thrown down; that Westphalia is thinly peopled; that Ecluse, where a ship has not been seen for forty years, is a commercial port; and one whole province is omitted in the description of Belgium. It is easy to conceive what are the errors of the French geographer when he ventures to describe the Mississippi, or expatiate freely over the unknown world of the West.

The Papal Church is chiefly responsible for the decadence of the French mind. The priests have long controlled the education of the nation, and have striven to shut it out from all contact with the culture of America, Germany, and England. Under the rule of NAPOLEON III. the Jesuits obtained the guidance of nearly all the secondary colleges; Protestant schools were sedulously discouraged, and nothing was taught that could offend the mediæval tastes of Rome. When, two years ago, the French republicans had resolved to found a free and compulsory system of instruction for all France as the chief want of the nation, the papal bishops and priests suppressed the measure by all their arts. They were resolved to have no education which they could not control. The republican movement failed; Bishop DUPANLOUP and his associates succeeded once more in shutting out the light of knowledge from the people, and have sown the fires of warfare in the place of mental progress and moral culture. France has never yet, except for a few stormy years of revolution, escaped from the control of its priests. Chivalry and superstition are still the ruling elements in its politics. That moderation and moral purification which the Protestant reform has brought to most other nations has made little progress among its people. Its politicians vibrate between the extremes of anarchy and of despotism; its literature is as gross and tasteless in moral culture as in the days of RABELAIS or MONTAIGNE. The purity of MILTON, the natural refinement of a WORDSWORTH or a BRYANT, are unknown to its authors and its critics, and the mental isolation enforced upon it by its ruling Church has left its intellect unpurified from the vices of the past. Nowhere has the papal policy been so successful in checking the mental growth of a nation; nowhere have the traits of an earlier barbarism been so sedulously preserved; nowhere have the elements of Protestant reform been so perfectly extirpated. The mothers of France abandon their infants to the care of strangers, and suffer them to perish by myriads in the environs of Paris; nor do their spiritual advisers strive to check the inhuman practice. The society of the splendid capital is no wiser nor purer than when CATHERINE DE MEDICIS led the mad revels of the Louvre, or LOUIS XIV. ruled amidst the moral terrors of Versailles.

France, which has often made the most rapid progress toward reform, has also been the most successful leader of modern reaction. Its revolutions have set in motion all other nations, but have failed to purify itself. It is still enslaved by a single Church and ruled by Roman superstition. At the recent assembly at Paris of all the hierarchy of France, of Jesuits, Dominicans, monks, and prelates, it was resolved that all the strength of the papal party should be given to an effort to grasp the control of the higher education of the people, and make every college and seminary the teacher of the worship of the Sacred Heart; to confine instruction within the limits of Roman theology, and shut out more strictly than ever before the light of modern progress. At a great and powerful meeting of all the Roman Catholic editors of France a similar policy was resolved upon. By a strange revulsion of sentiment the press was made to advocate its own restriction or repression. The papal editors apparently sigh for a return of the mediæval practices when FRANCIS I. burned ardent printers in Paris, and the Sorbonne would have banished the printing-press from France forever. The Roman Catholic papers invoke the restoration of the BOURBONS and of the temporal power of the pope, and in the ardor of a new spirit of martyrdom offer themselves up to a spiritual bondage that must end in their own slow destruction and the death of the national intellect. They would enforce anew that policy of isolation which has filled France with impurity, and left it the prey of emperors and marshals, princes and priests.

France has thus displayed, since its first revolution, a most remarkable contest. The spirit of freedom has more than once placed its people in the front of human progress, and ever again the spirit of reaction has dragged them back into the abyss of mental and moral decay. Its priests have invariably triumphed over its reformers. The Roman Church has always held a supremacy above the law. Of all the national institutions, it has alone preserved its freedom of action unimpaired. It receives an enormous subsidy from the state. While all other associations are held under a strict subjection, while political meetings are scarcely allowed, while the press is silenced, while Protestants can hold no assemblies or synods except by the connivance of the government, while Protestant churches are forbidden to have either bell or steeple, the Roman priesthood hold their councils and assemblies unrestrained, and cover the land with their sodalities, their societies, their processions, and their pilgrimages. The Church is the only well-organized political party. Its agents are active in every commune. Its severe discipline produces order through all its host of Jesuits, monks, and priests. Its confessors rule in the palaces of the wealthy and the hovels of the peasants. It forbids education, it stifles thought, it inculcates a pitiless severity against Protestants and reformers; and with natural indignation the leading republicans point to the dominant Church as the chief source of all the woes of France, as sacrificing the morals, integrity, and mental elevation of the nation to the single purpose of maintaining the ascendency of a foreign pope. The French Republicans have been forced to see that the Papal Church is the necessary foe of freedom. It would be well if our own people could learn from their experience, and guard with strict vigilance their institutions from the secret and open assaults of a foreign priesthood.

There is no doubt, at least in the minds of the French republicans, that to the intrigues of the papal faction is due the disordered and hopeless condition of the nation. GAMBETTA's paper, *La République*, assures its readers that the Assembly is ruled by a party devoted wholly (*corps et âme*) to the ecclesiastical interests; that they labor only to reduce the whole country to an abject submission to Rome, and are ready to accomplish their aims by measures fatal to the peace of France. It asserts that the priesthood forms a league as rigorous as that over which the GUISES ruled and against which the Huguenots struggled; that the Church has its myriads of societies, committees, agents, an overflowing treasury, the favor of the government, a single aim, an infallible ruler. It calls upon the people, if they would be free, to strike down the hydra that preys upon the state. The policy of BISMARCK, indeed, finds its best defense in the condition of France. If the interference of the papal faction proves so disastrous to the welfare of the French people, it is plainly the interest of Germany to crush it forever by all the resources of statesmanship. If the rule of papal Rome be so intolerable to its friends, what might it not accomplish in the dominions of its opponents? France may yet learn from its neighbors over the Rhine the only path to freedom. What it seems most to need is a BISMARCK.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE first session of the Forty-third Congress was adjourned *sine die* June 23. The whole number of bills that passed was 557, of which 131 originated in the Senate, and 426 in the House.—Hon. Lyman K. Bass, of Buffalo, was nominated by the President to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but he declined.—The appropriations of this year compared with those of 1873, according to Mr. Garfield, show the following reductions: navy, $5,500,000; army, $4,000,000; legislative, $3,250,000; fortifications, $985,000; deficiencies, $7,278,000.—The President signed the new Currency Act June 22.—The Senate, June 23, agreed to the resolution from the Committee on Foreign Affairs recommending arbitration in the settlement of international difficulties.—The Senate, June 23, refused to consider the bills for the admission of Colorado and New Mexico as States, and they were laid aside.—The Utah Judicial Bill was reported by the conference committee, June 23, and agreed to by both Houses the same day.—The second conference committee on the Post-office Appropriation Bill agreed to fix the postage on daily and weekly newspapers at two cents per pound, and on magazines three cents per pound, from January 1, 1875, prepayment to be made in all cases.—The House committee, June 22, reported a joint resolution for the amendment of the Constitution so as to elect the President and Vice-President hereafter by direct popular vote. The report was ordered printed, and recommitted till the next session.—The House refusing to concur in the conference committee report on the Tariff Bill, the matter went over.—The Geneva Award Bill from the conference committee was agreed to by both Houses June 22. It provides for the speedy payment of all undisputed claims, and the postponement of others until the next session.—The Civil Service Bill was badly treated. The House passed an amendment repealing the law by which the Civil Service Commission was created, and covering into the Treasury the unexpended balance of this fund. The Senate struck out this amendment, and appropriated the customary $15,000 for the commission. The conference report struck out both the House and Senate amendments, and left untouched the law under which the commission was created, but refused to appropriate any money for its expenses. The unexpended balance, which is perhaps $10,000, remains, however, to the use of the Commission, providing it is contracted for in accordance with the new law of this Congress before the expiration of the present fiscal year.—Postmaster John J. Creswell resigned June 24. The place has been offered to Mr. Hale.

The Maine Democracy has nominated Hon. Joseph Titcomb for Governor. The New York Prohibitionists have nominated, for Governor, Myron H. Clark; Lieutenant-Governor, J. L. Bagg; Judge of the Court of Appeals, Horace F. Howland; Canal Commissioner, Daniel Walford; State Prison Inspector, Ira Bell. The Anti-Monopolists of Iowa have named David Morgan for Secretary of State. The Vermont Democrats chose Hon. W. H. H. Bingham as candidate for Governor.

Hon. Henry L. Dawes, having served for eighteen years as member of Congress from the eleventh Massachusetts district, declines a renomination.

Police Commissioners Gardner and Charlick, of this city, have been convicted of illegally removing an inspector of elections, and fined $250 each. On the 27th of June both Commissioners resigned their offices.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON Sunday, June 21, while the multitude was returning from a grand Te Deum at St. Peter's, the Pope was seen at one of the windows of the Vatican. Many of the people cheered him, and some cried, "Long live the Pope, our King!" Several were arrested, and sentenced to imprisonment for six, twelve, and eighteen months. In a recent speech Pius said: "The United States is the only country where I am really Pope in the eyes of the government. I am always afraid lest European governments shall oppose or control my acts; whereas I can freely send pontifical documents to the United States without fear of opposition on the part of its government."

The British House of Lords has decided that in the celebrated Mordaunt divorce case proceedings shall continue, notwithstanding the insanity of the lady defendant. The bill for the regulation of public worship passed June 23.

The License Bill passed the British House of Commons June 22.

In Spain the Carlists have established three intrenched lines before Estella, the outermost line being five leagues from the city. Marshal Concha's plan, it is said, is to surround the enemy, and by confining him to a small district of country destitute of resources, eventually compel the surrender of the entire force. The Carlist General Lizaraga is dead.

The laying of a telegraphic cable between Brazil and England was accomplished June 22, and those countries are now in communication.

The German Roman Catholic Bishops' Conference opened at Fulda June 22. Ten bishops attended. The sees of Cologne, Posen, and Treves were represented by deputies, the bishops of those places being in prison.

The Bible can no longer be circulated in Turkey, the Porte having prohibited it.

Henri Rochefort declined to lecture in London, preferring to remain in privacy.

The French government has prohibited the distribution in France of photographs of the Prince Imperial. The Assembly has passed a bill granting 26,000,000 francs indemnity to sufferers by the late war. M. Courbett, the artist, has been condemned to pay the cost of reconstructing the Vendôme Column.

The postal convention between France and the United States was ratified by the French Assembly June 25.

The British House of Commons, June 24, rejected Mr. Plimsoll's bill requiring an official survey of merchant ships before sailing. The vote was 173 nays to 170 yeas.

Alarming rumors prevail in St. Petersburg respecting the situation of affairs in Central Asia. It is reported that the Ameer of Kashgar has seized the Russian envoy, and fearing war in consequence of this act, has concentrated 10,000 troops on the frontier.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has information that the Czar, as a punishment to his nephew, the Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the Grand Duke Constantine, for the theft of his mother's diamonds, has banished him to the Caucasus for life, and deprived him of the Cross of St. George, which was bestowed upon him for his achievements in the Khiva campaign.

A BOY'S DREAM OF THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."—[Drawn by Percival De Luce.]

JAMES LICK.

"There was a man (though some did count him mad),
The more he gave away, the more he had."

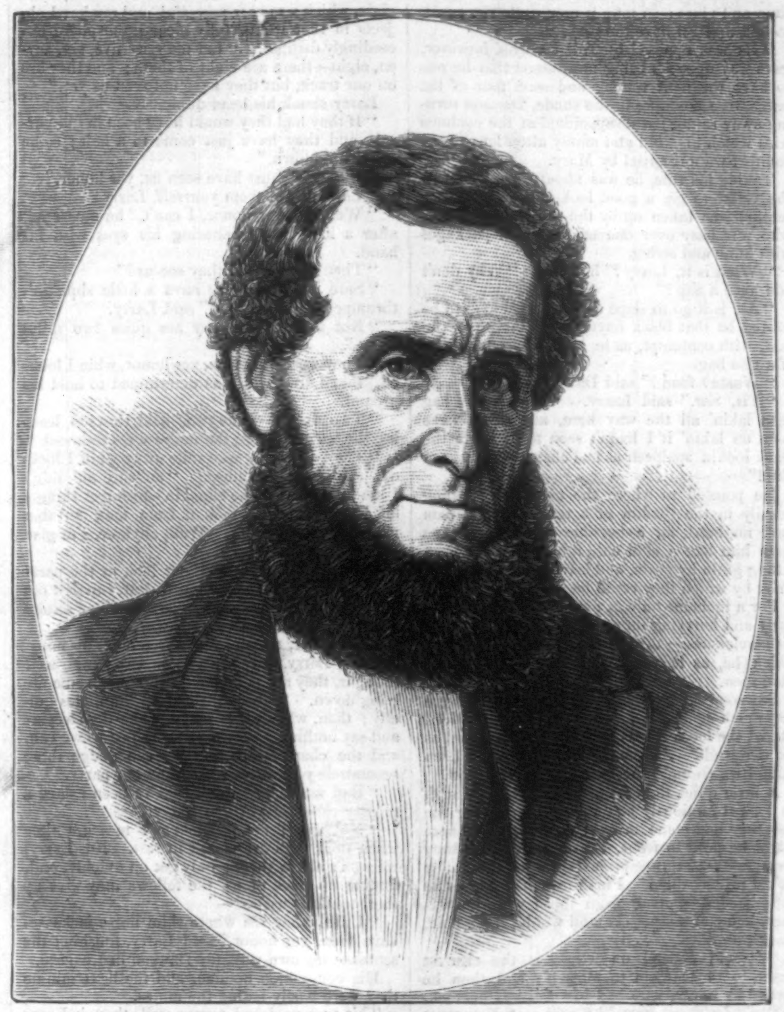
THIS generous Californian, to whom BUNYAN'S quaint couplet may be fitly applied, was among the earliest settlers in the Golden State. From a biographical sketch recently published in San Francisco we learn that Mr. LICK, while still a very young man, went from his home in Pennsylvania to South America, where we soon hear of him in the pampas of Brazil and Buenos Ayres, with thousands of horses and cattle, in the capacity of a great proprietor, from whom the governments of those countries derived their supplies for the cavalry and their commissariat. Again we find him on the other side of the continent, operating actively yet unobtrusively in the commercial centres of Chili and Peru.

When the news of the gold discovery in California reached Valparaiso he was in business that would have taken an ordinary man a series of months at least to so close up that he could leave it with any sort of consistency; yet he put doubloons enough in his trunk to make $20,000, besides the expenses of the trip, intrusted his business to a confidential friend, and stepped on board the first vessel leaving his place for San Francisco. Arriving there, he found a splendid opportunity to invest in real estate. He scanned the situation, foresaw the growth of the town, selected his "corner lots" with great good judgment, and invested his money. The property he then purchased with $20,000 is perhaps today worth many millions. In the first few years he built sparingly and with great care; afterward, liberally and magnificently. These operations, and numerous others, proved very remunerative.

Such, in brief, is the history of the man who has just given nearly the whole of his large fortune to charitable and educational purposes. It is one of the most munificent gifts for the public benefit on record, as witness the following tabular statement:

Observatory, summit of the Sierra	$700,000
School for the Mechanic Arts	300,000
Bronze statuary, Sacramento	250,000
Key Monument, San Francisco	150,000
Baths, San Francisco	150,000
Old Ladies' Home, San Francisco	100,000
Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, San Francisco	25,000
Protestant Orphan Asylum, San Francisco	25,000
Orphan Asylum, San José	25,000
Mechanics' Library, San Francisco	10,000
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, San Francisco	10,000
To Academy of Sciences and Pioneer Society, San Francisco, residue of estate—perhaps	255,000
Total	$2,000,000

Mr. LICK reserves to himself his homestead, boats, and the rents and profits thereof, and directs that his trustees pay to him from day to day or week to week, such sums as he may require, not exceeding $25,000 a year. Our portrait of Mr. LICK is engraved from an admirable photograph, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. BRADLEY & RULOFSON, of San Francisco.



JAMES LICK.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.]

THE SEVENTH'S MEMORIAL.

WE give below an illustration showing the unveiling of the memorial statue erected in Central Park in honor of the members of the Seventh Regiment who died in the service of their country during the late war. The ceremony, which took place June 22, was simple and impressive. The statue was unveiled by the artist, Mr. J. Q. A. WARD, after a short presentation speech by Colonel VERMILYE; the Hon. HENRY G. STEBBINS, President of the Department of Parks, responded briefly, accepting the statue on behalf of the department, and the ceremonies were closed by a short and appropriate speech by Governor DIX.

The statue, which reflects the highest credit upon the artist, is a bronze figure, of heroic size, of an American soldier, in the uniform of the Seventh Regiment, as an outpost sentry. It stands upon a base of Quincy granite, bearing suitable inscriptions, one of which is the regimental motto, "Pro Patria et Gloria." The monument is upon rising ground, immediately west of the Eighth Avenue drive, near Sixty-ninth Street, and faces the level plain below.

The Treasure Hunters:

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE MARCH.

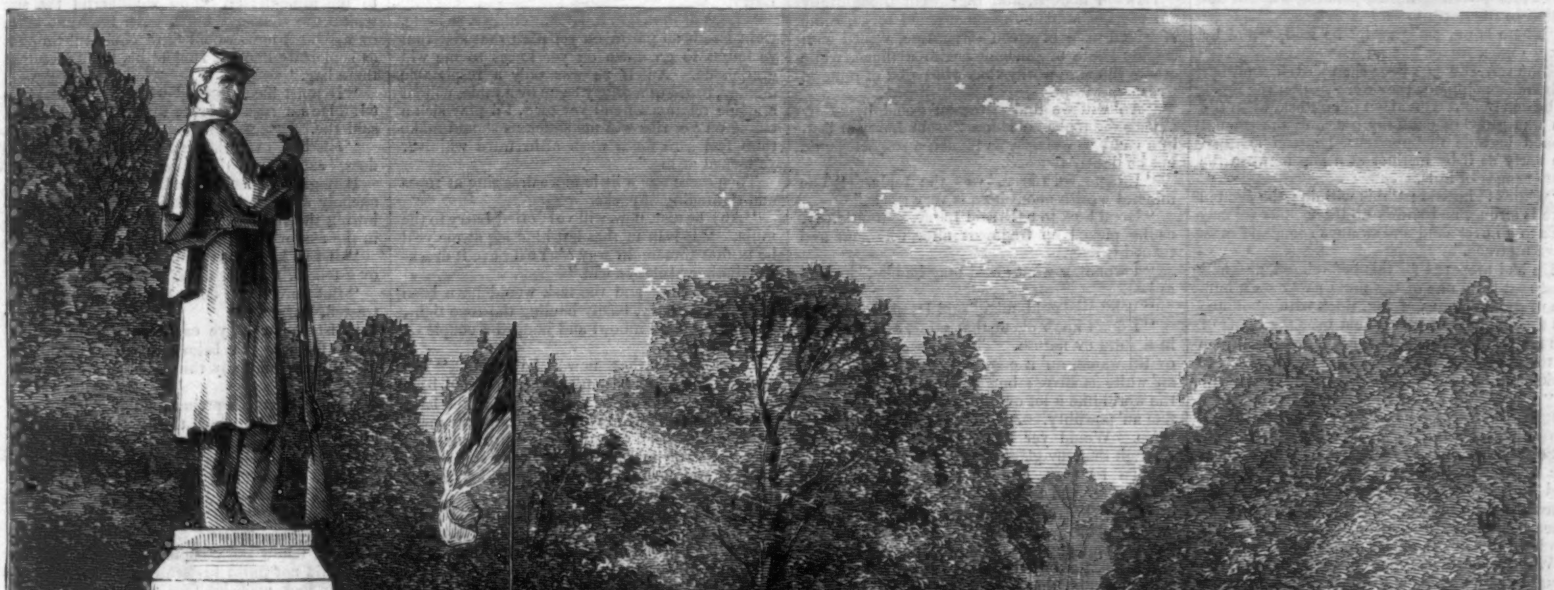
IT was a close shave, for as Larry turned the corner of the last street and looked back toward the hotel he heard pattering feet, when, gripping his stick more tightly, he shook it in that direction, muttering,

"Wait a bit, me friends. I'll have another thry at ye some day!"

He waited for a few moments to make sure of the direction the pursuers meant to take, and then ran on after his own party, checking them, and drawing them aside into a narrow entry, where as they waited they heard the ruffians reach the street end, where they paused for a moment or two before passing on.

"They'd have been down on us like a shtick," said Larry; "bud it's all right now. On wid ye, Misther Dawson. Eh? Take care ov you, Miss Mary! An' ov coorse so I will," he added, as Mary came to his side and placed her arm in his, while, without showing any annoyance, Dawson led on.

"I got the mules well on the way," he said, in a low tone to Adams, as they hurried along, pausing at intervals to listen whether they were pursued; "and then I couldn't feel satisfied



UNVEILING THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MEMORIAL STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

without coming back. I was afraid you might miss the way."

"It's a good thing you did come back," said Adams; "and thank goodness we shall soon be out of the place. Ill luck seems to have waited on us."

"And good luck too in giving us friends," said Mrs. Adams, warmly.

"I'd not forgotten that, though I did not speak," said Adams.

"Well," said Dawson, "we won't congratulate ourselves till we are out of the wood. Keep on quickly, please, for those scoundrels may at any time turn up; and I'm not like your friend Larry—I'm tired of fighting. It's anxious work when you have women to protect."

Proceeding hastily, but with all due caution, they were soon beyond the main streets, passing straggling houses, and at last reaching a spot where Dawson drew them aside, and his man came forward with the mules.

This was a seasonable diversion, for the women were both panting and exhausted with their hurried walk, and ready enough to accept a seat upon two of the most lightly laden of the beasts. Then, after listening for a while to make sure that they were not followed, Dawson gave the word; his man started off, leading the first mule, and the others followed in regular file, leaving the three men to form a rear-guard in case of pursuit.

And now began the slow, regular pacing of the mules, that was to be kept up for hours and hours, and days upon days. Under the circumstances, they decided to keep on without pause for the rest of the night, the dawn coming to show their wearied anxious faces, those of the men being marked by traces of the encounter, but the rising sun seemed to bring with it brightness of spirit: they were away from the city, out upon the open plain, and at last bound upon their adventure.

To the men the elation was not unmingled with anxiety, for there were many dangers they knew they had to encounter, even if they eluded the men who seemed to have marked them down for prey; but the women were not so impressed. In spite of disturbed rest, they soon began to look buoyant and hopeful, ready, too, to enter into the spirit of the journey, and talk about its aims. But this would be principally to Larry, the two leaders of the expedition being absorbed in anxiously considering their route.

"You have no fear, then, about finding the place?" Adams asked.

"None at all," was the rejoinder; "I only want time. Yonder is our first landmark," he added, pointing to the towering peaks of Mount Diavolo. "When once we reach the rising ground there, good-by to the tracks, for then I work by this."

As he spoke he took out a small compass, and showed its quivering needle pointing without deviation to the north.

"There is our safeguard," he said, "and by that we must travel."

Some refreshments were then partaken of, but without stopping, for they were still on the regular beaten track. But about ten o'clock, when the sun was growing painfully hot, and the ground around became mountainous, Dawson arrested the party as if by instinct at a gap between the steep ranges of hills.

"Quick!" he said; "this will do; the ground here is strong, and shows no traces, but we may have to go over sand and swamps soon, and must leave no trace."

He had prepared for this beforehand, and now produced from one of the mule packages a bundle of small squares of rug, thick with wool, and set the example of tying them over the hoofs of the mules, turning each into a soft pad, and much to the disgust of one who made several efforts to kick them off, but without effect.

"Now, then, a stretch down the valley of a couple of miles," said Dawson; "and then we'll have a mid-day rest."

Setting his man to lead, Dawson then chose the stoniest part he could find, pointed the way, and himself brought up the rear, after carefully examining the track to see that they had left no trace behind, and seeing none, for the way was too hard to show the print of a single hoof.

Walking still at some distance behind, he paused again and again to climb some eminence, and look back over the sun-dazzled track by which they had come, scanning it long and carefully with a glass, and each time descending more full of confidence, till, closing up with the party, they now entered a gloomy, shadowy valley, which looked as if it had never been traversed since the creation; and the women involuntarily shuddered as they gazed up at the threatening rocks, which seemed as if they might at any moment topple down upon their heads.

But the place was cool and grateful after the parching wild they had crossed. It was rocky and stony to a degree, but moss grew in the hollow, and a stream of pure clear water trickled amidst the stones, ever and again forming pools, from one of which the mules drank with avidity; and when, after a couple of miles of tiring, scrambling travel, such as only mules could have achieved, they came to a more open sun-lit spot, it was hailed as the very perfection of a halting-place; the mules were unburdened, and tethered where they could browse without kicking each other into lameness. A shady recess beneath an overhanging rock decided upon as refectory, provisions unpacked, and while Dawson, rifle in hand, retraced his steps for some little distance to look out for the danger he apprehended in every bush, a meal was prepared, and, on his return with the cheery announcement, "All's well!" partaken of *al fresco* with no slight enjoyment and thankfulness.

"I don't much like delaying, but we must have rest," said Dawson, who now thoroughly took the lead; "we must have rest at proper time and place; so take it now while the sun is so hot, and I'll have the first watch."

This was opposed by Adams, who, however, gave way upon its being understood that he was to have the next watch; and soon four of the party were reclining in the shade, Dawson turning away somewhat disappointed at the coolness with which his kind and manly attentions to her comfort were received by Mary.

Taking his rifle, he was about to stroll across the valley to get a good look-out, when his attention was taken up by the motions of Larry, who was busy over one of the small packages with knife and string.

"What is it, Larry?" he said. "Why don't you have a nap?"

"An' is it go to slape an' lave good food to be wasted be that black haythen in this way?" he said, with contempt, as he bound up one corner of a rice bag.

"Waste? food?" said Dawson.

"Yis, Sor," said Larry. "Here's this bag been lakin' all the way here, an' might have gone on lakin' if I hadn't seen to it, while the black-lookin' spalpeen as had charge— Look at him!"

He pointed to where the man was sleeping heavily in the shadow of a rock; but Dawson took no heed, for a horrible dread had come upon him like a cold chill: had that rice been falling grain by grain, and leaving a well-marked track by which they could be run down?

For a moment he was for arousing the whole party and hurrying on at once. Then he cursed his carelessness—this Irishman finding out that which he, as leader of the expedition, should have seen.

But soon he grew calmer; the chances were very much against the white grains being noticed amidst the loose stones, white, many of them, as the rice itself. All that he need do was to keep careful watch and proceed with more caution.

A little quiet thought confirmed this, though he looked anxiously again and again along the way they had come, in search of danger. There might be peril in front, but on either side they were safe; the precipitous sides of the valley would protect them. Pursuit was the danger he apprehended—pursuit from those who, he was sure, knew of his project, and would, if possible, track him down.

"It will depend on whose is the clearest brain," said Dawson to himself; and then he turned to Larry, who had just finished his task. "You'll lie down now," he said. "You must be tired."

"Tired!" said Larry, in a tone of disgust—"tired! I'm a man who has raped all day an' all wan moonlight night at a stretch. Why, this is play, yer honor. If ye'll let me, I'll jist go about makin' observations close behind, an' niver say nothin' at all."

Dawson nodded, and they went thoughtfully on, peering among the stones and rocks, some of which were of green serpentine, veined with creamy white or glistening with diallage, while others shone in a way that whispered of mineral treasures within.

"An' will we find silver an' goold by-an'-by among the rocks an' stones?" said Larry at last, in a cautious whisper, as if such a subject should not be lightly touched.

"I hope so, Larry," was the reply. "The mineral wealth about here is very great."

"Good luck to us!" said Larry, sententiously, as he picked up fragment after fragment and turned it over.

"I wondher what goold may be like," he said at last.

"Why, like gold, man," said Dawson, smiling.

"I don't know about that same, Sor, whin it's in a state ov nature. They showed me a hape ov tin wanst, an' it ought to have been shinin', an' white as silver; but, bless you, it was for all the world like a lot ov brown ground coffee, very fine an' powdhry. An' p'r'aps goold may be the same. Would yer honor let me have a look through that spy-glass ov yours?"

"To be sure, Larry," was the answer, for Dawson seemed to take to the Irishman's frank ways. "There," he said, adjusting the glass, "that's about your focus."

"Sure an' any focus 'll do for me, yer honor," said Larry, taking the glass, while Dawson explained to him that gold was not found in dark granules like tin, but in yellow nuggets or veined in rock, when Larry, who had been gazing earnestly down the pass, touched him on the arm.

"Suppose, yer honor, ye dhrop down behind this bit ov a rock here, an' take the glass an' have a look down the valley."

"Is any thing coming, Larry?" he exclaimed, anxiously, as he snatched the glass.

"I'm not that sure," said Larry, coolly; "bud look a bit to the left ov the rock like a big pratie stickin' up on a mole-hill, an' see if ye can't see the ugly face ov the spalpeen whose head I rubbed."

Dawson dropped out of sight on the instant, and, resting his glass upon the rock which sheltered them, took a long and careful survey.

"One—two—three—four in sight," he said to himself, and then aloud to Larry, in a cold, hard voice, "You are quite right, Larry; they are on our track."

"Bedad," said Larry, coolly, "it's sthrange how fond a man gits ov a stick like this whin wanst he's had a taste on his head."

CHAPTER X.

FRESH DANGERS.

"I wish you weren't so plaguy fond of fighting, Larry," said Dawson, testily.

"Indade, an' it's mesilf that don't," said Larry; "it's a great accomplishment, Sor, that we Cork boys are all born wid. It's in the soil. An' now shall we rouse the masther?"

"Stop a bit," said Dawson, still busy with his glass, which was very powerful, and rendered objects in that wonderfully clear atmosphere exceedingly distinct. "Let me see—five, six, seven, eight—there are eight of them; and they are on our track, but they have not seen us yet."

Larry shook his head dubiously.

"If they had they would have been in full pursuit, and they have just come to a halt; some are sitting down."

"Bud they must have seen us, yer honor."

"Can you see them yourself, Larry?"

"Well, no, yer honor, I can't," he answered, after a long look, sheltering his eyes with his hand.

"Then why should they see us?"

"Sure an' they might have a little shpakin'-thrumpet glass like that," said Larry.

"Not they. And they are quite two miles away."

"They were only wan, yer honor, whin I looked," said Larry, who was determined to hold his ground.

"Two, Larry—quite two," said Dawson, leading the way to where the mules were tethered.

"They were only wan mile away whin I looked," said Larry to himself; "an' sure an' didn't I see him pull out the shpakin'-thrumpet thing a bit longer whin he took it from me? an' that made thim farther off. Well, anyhow, I'm glad we're both right."

Dawson took another long look at the party in pursuit, this time seeming to Larry to pull out the three slides of the telescope to such an extent that he said, in a serio-comic way,

"Sure, Sor, they must be three miles off now."

"No, Larry, only close upon two; and, as I thought, they are eating and drinking; some are lying down. So we will load up the mules quietly; then, when all is ready, wake the sleepers and say nothing; only push on as fast as we can, and the chances are that we can dodge those scoundrels yet, without alarming our party."

"Bud won't they think they've been aslape a mighty short time?" said Larry.

"Not they; for people can't measure time when their eyes are closed in rest. No, Larry, we won't alarm them; only get on quickly, and, finding no trace of us, the fellows may give up the pursuit as useless—"

"Unless they see where thim horse-jackasses have been, yer honor," said Larry, finishing the sentence his own way, for Dawson had paused.

His companion nodded, and the next minute they were busily lading the mules.

This was achieved pretty well, though Larry was any thing but an adept at a task that requires considerable practice, and in which he got into difficulties with one of the animals he was loading.

The task was nearly completed, and Dawson was tightening a lariat here and there, when his attention was taken by an exclamation from Larry.

"Look at that, now! Kick, would ye, ye baste, whin I've been puttin' on yer pack that aisy that ye ought to go down on yer knees to me wid gratichude. An' if ye was only a respictable donkey, instid of a dhirty baste ov a mule, widout a single relation to call yer own, I'd play sich a chune on yer ribs wid me shtick as should make thim feel sore for a week aftherward whiniver ye looked at me."

Then there was a little more dragging at ropes and tightening of packs.

"Ah! be aisy, now, will ye?" cried Larry to the mule. "Is it liftın' that left hind-leg at me ye'd be in that threatenin' way? Ye'll have it dreckly, Misther Mule, ye will."

Another knot and the task would have been done, when Larry, busily hauling the rope tight, suddenly uttered a howl and jumped a couple of yards.

"Did ye see that, now?" he cried. "The ungrateful baste! an' afther the pains I'd been takin', ketches howlt ov me, he does, in the back part ov me duds wid his teeth, an' sthruck me—sthruck me twicet. Bad luck to him! his pack may come rowlin' off his back ivery stip ov the way, an' aggravatin' him till he can't kick, an' it's mesilf that won't interfare."

"Hold his head, Larry, and I'll finish," said Dawson, who was too anxious to smile. So Larry took hold of the mule's bridle while the finishing touch was given.

"Bud it's a wicked rowlin' eye he's got ov his own, yer honor," said Larry; "he's been runnin' it all over me person, sarchin' for a soft spot to kick; but, by the howly tuber, I'll be inthroducin' him to me shtick, an' lettin' thim make frinds—they'll agray togither wondherful, I'll go bail."

Larry winked at the mule as he spoke, and the cunning beast laid its ears down flat, tucked its tail between its legs, rolled its eyes, and squealed softly, giving one of its legs a quiver the while as if ready for a kick.

"Sure an' we undherstand wan another wondherful, Misther Dawson, Sor."

Dawson nodded, and then ran across the intervening space and woke up the sleepers.

"Now, then, ladies," he said; "quick, please; we have a long journey before night-fall."

Adams started up as if alarmed, but the next minute he was helping his wife and sister to mount, while Ike, the half-breed, gave a sharp look up at the sun, and then glanced right and left.

"I could hardly have thought I had been asleep a minute," said Mrs. Adams, laughing, as the little mule train once more was put in motion, Ike leading, as before, Adams walking by the side of his wife, and Dawson and Larry forming a rear-guard.

"They're not obliged to see this halting-place, Larry, unless they come right out of the track," said Dawson, thoughtfully, as he did what he could, with the Irishman's help, to remove all traces of the halt.

"D'ye think they'll see the bits ov rice, Misther Dawson, Sor?"

"I hope not, Larry, in this hard stony soil. Now, then, tramp on, for we must make a long stretch this time, and try to get out of the valley before they can overtake us."

"Oh, they won't overtake us, yer honor; we'll be too many for thim."

"Too many for them, Larry?"

"Sure, yis. We'll lay thraps for thim, an' deludher thim, an' come down upon thim heavy, like the little wayver ov Duleek gate did upon the flies. Bud have another shoot at thim wid that spy-glass thing ov yours before we turn this shouldher ov the mountain, Sor."

Dawson rested upon a huge boulder, and took a long and careful look at the enemy.

"They have not moved, Larry; and there's one sitting up on a stone, rifle in hand, keeping watch."

"Let him," said Larry, as they pressed on; for the train was some quarter of a mile in advance, and they tramped on over the rough stones and rocky fragments, with the sun beating down upon their heads, and seeming to strike up again from the dry, sterile soil.

There was no mistaking the route, for, till the end of the valley was reached, they were shut in, as it were, by high walls, only accessible by scaling.

"Keep your eye to the right and left, Larry, and see if you can make out the mule tracks," said Dawson; for there was no beaten way, and, though taking the same direction, they might not be themselves within thirty or forty yards of where the string of mules had passed.

"An' it's what I've been doin' this long time," said Larry; "bud the foot-prints don't show. Now if it wor a bit ov dacent bog in Cork, there'd be ivery stip as clare as if made wid a sayle in a bit ov wax."

"Then we'll thank our stars that this isn't Cork, Larry. I must frankly say that I can't make out that trail, and if we can't, I don't see why those scoundrels should."

"Bedad, now look at that!" exclaimed Larry.

"Look at what, man?"

"Thim little bits ov white rice lyin' down there. It's another hole in the bag, yer honor, an' I'll run forrid an' tie it up, while ye pick up the bits."

Larry bounded forward as he spoke, and in a few minutes overtook the party, went over the mule packages, and found at once the leaking bag, which he pointed out to Adams.

"Kape on," said Larry; "I'll tie it up as we go along;" and he took out a piece of string with one hand as he held the bag with the other.

"Did it show plainly?" said Adams, anxiously.

"Quite plainly enough, yer honor; bud we want the rice to ate, an' not to feed the birds ov the air, if there are any out here. It's mighty sthrange, Misther Ikey, though," he said to the mule-driver, "how wondherful the sun makes the rice-bags burst. An ignorant baste ov a fellow, now, would have gone an' thought as somebody had jist sticked his knife into that there bag."

"It must have cracked when the mule kicked. He's a regular brute to kick, that one is," said Ike.

"Hit him over the head, thin, nixt time he does," said Larry, tightening the knot.

Ikey gave his head a shake, and smiled a melancholy smile, Larry finishing his task, and allowing the train to pass on till he was walking in the rear with Adams.

"Jist ye kape yer eye on that half-nigger sort ov a fellow, masther dear," said Larry.

"But surely you don't think he is not to be trusted, Larry?"

"Jist as far as ye can see him, yer honor, an' no farther. He belongs to a sort ov man as would niver take any thing that was out ov his rache."

"Don't be such a prejudiced fool, Larry," said Dawson, who had joined them. "Ike is as honest a fellow as you are."

"Sure that isn't sayin' much for his crackther, yer honor," said Larry, with a twinkle of his eye.

Dawson laughed.

"Look here, Larry," he said, "if I thought that that fellow Ike was playing us false, I'd—"

He did not finish his sentence, but there was an ugly look upon his face as he turned round sharply to Adams.

"Did Larry tell you we were pursued?"

"Pursued!" exclaimed Adams. "No. Why, how's this, Larry?"

"Sure, yer honor, Misther Dawson, that's the layder of the expedition, an' he give me no ordhers."

"Larry was quite right," said Dawson. "I thought it better not to communicate the fact till we were well on the road again, and also to keep it from the women."

"And we wasted time there in sleep," exclaimed Adams.

"It was not discovered by Larry till you had lain down, and we were on the march again in little more than half an hour."

"But we are going on at a snail's pace," exclaimed Adams.

"Quite right for the desert nere," said Dawson, smiling. "Our escape must be by endurance and cunning, not by speed; ours are mules, my dear fellow, not race-horses."

"Then what do you propose doing?"

"Keeping steadily on to the end of the valley, and then striking right off southeast. Then if we can contrive to get away without leaving a trail, it is next to impossible that they should be able to track us."

"And how far does this walled-in valley extend?"

"I do not exactly know—many miles yet. But don't look gloomy, old fellow, there is nothing to apprehend at present."

Frank Adams strode on, very quiet and

thoughtful, for the feeling was strong upon him that he had done wrong in thus tempting the dangers of this vast wilderness. But it was too late to retreat, and he strode on over the rough stones, involuntarily examining his rifle and revolver.

"Tut, tut," he muttered. "I thought I loaded both," as he examined the empty chambers and placed in cartridges, for he had breech-loaders, and could charge as he walked.

This act incited Dawson to examine his own pieces, to find them charged—they had not left his hand, save to be laid down for a moment at his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. David Gray, one of the editors of the Buffalo *Daily Courier*, read, on the 17th of June, at the meeting of the Western Editorial Association of this State, at Lockport, a poem on "The Tenth (our modern) Muse—the Press," from which we extract the following:

"Hers not in her own thinking to be great,
  But rather to keep free
The channels of the people's thought,
And be the voice and conscience of the state;
  Setting a gauge whereby the state may see
How in their seething caverns palpitate
  The pent volcanic forces of its fate.
But not the less her service shall be fraught
  With active use and blessing, and confer
  A sacred office on her minister.
His, where the springs of public virtue run,
  To watch, and keep their current pure and strong;
  With hand alert, to scourge the wrong
And give the good deed to the sun:
  The saving word, the larger creed,
  To speak and, in the speaking, speed;
  To preach with pen of fire
Men's 'politics' and God's justice shall be one;
  And so this fallen word redeem
  To heights of its old meaning from the mire."

It is perhaps not putting too fine a point upon it to say, that poem of Mr. Gray's is one of the very best that has been written on the duties, power, and influence of the press.

—Ledru Rollin, after a retirement of twenty-seven years, has just made a speech in the French Assembly at Versailles. In years gone by he had high reputation as an orator, standing in that respect second only to Berryer. The curiosity of not only the members of the Chamber, but of all France, was aroused to see whether there was left in the man any of the old fire that made him in his day a power in France. The result proved that as an orator he had failed. Lack of practice or the natural decay of his powers had taken away the ability to interest the present generation of Frenchmen.

—To one gentleman, Mr. John Swinton, Rochefort dropped the agitator and revealed the social side of himself, and the revelation was not displeasing. "I first met him, at his own invitation," says Mr. Swinton, "in his own chamber, just after he had sprung from his couch, and it would not be easy to forget his effervescence and gayety at that moment in presence of our mutual friend and myself. If the terrible experiences he has gone through during the last dozen years have not marred his child-like simplicity, neither have they affected his Jove-like genius of laughter. When his mental ribs are tickled by a thought, his hilarious peals roll through space, and his merry ripples dance along the air. I never met a man who had a heartier enjoyment of the benediction of laughter; and if I may say that I never knew a more serious-minded man, I must add that I never knew a lighter-hearted one."

—Two years ago we published the portrait of young Mr. Dowd, who in a competitive examination of the pupils in the public schools of Congressman Cox's district, in this city, won a cadetship at West Point. It may gratify his old school companions to know that he has maintained the reputation of our schools, and justified his appointment. From his entrance at the Point he took good position, and now, at the end of two years, comes home on the customary furlough, and in a class of between fifty and sixty ranks sixth or seventh, with fair prospect of going higher before graduating.

—Mr. Edmund Yates was one of the brightest of the men who imparted life and wit to the London Press dinner given two or three weeks ago. In proposing "The Chairman," he said it seemed to him peculiarly appropriate that the Duke of Somerset, the husband of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's granddaughter, should preside over a festival of literary men.

—The terrestrial felicity of H. W. and the rest of the proprietorial people of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is to be enhanced by the erection of a new office, an edifice, so to speak, about which the architects of Louisville have been plying their pencils. It is to be a large thing, else why pay $300 for the best plan, $200 for the second best, and $100 for the third best? It is not stated what style of architecture is to be adopted. It may be the Pointed Ironic, which seems to be a favorite style for newspapers, or it may be the simpler or more general style known as the Early Scorbutic, which appears to have broken out afresh in many rural localities.

—Miss Lavinia Goodell, a graduate from the editorial rooms of *Harper's Bazar*, went to Wisconsin three years ago, and shortly after commenced the study of law. She was recently admitted to the bar, and has opened an office at Janesville, in that State. Miss Goodell is the first lady who has been admitted to the bar in Wisconsin; but should her success as a practicing attorney be equal to her talents and acquirements, her example may have quite a numerous following.

—Under the auspices of President Joseph L. Perley and the Fire Commissioners, a most interesting and entirely successful experiment was made on Ward's Island, on the 23d ult., of the power of a new explosive for blowing down buildings. Mr. Perley and his associates are entitled to credit for organizing the corps of Sappers and Miners, and making it promptly and practically efficient. It is a sub-organization that affects the value and safety of every man's house and every dollar of household property in New York. Mr. Perley himself is admirably qualified for the position he holds. Born in this city thirty-eight years ago, he has since he was twenty years old been constantly connected with the Fire Department, and by sheer merit and force of character fought his way from the lowest to the very highest position in the department. The best evidence of his fitness for the position is in the fact that he enjoys in the highest degree the confidence of the Board of Fire Underwriters, who know exactly what is required for the position, and who have to make cash payment for the results of incompetency and inefficiency.

—Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope writes to the London *Standard* that "the Americans are building in one of the best positions in the new quarter of Rome a church which, putting the great basilicas out of the question, will be the most beautiful ecclesiastical building in the city, and, even including those enormous and world-celebrated fabrics, will be the best in ecclesiastical feeling and purity of architectural taste. The Rev. Mr. Nevin, pastor of this church, is now in New York soliciting pecuniary aid for the completion of the edifice, and, we are happy to say, is meeting with gratifying success. Episcopalians who have been in Rome, and witnessed the zeal and discretion that have marked his labors, are warm in commending his mission to the liberality of American Churchmen, and it can scarcely be doubted that he will carry back with him the requisite *lire*."

—At the recent Commencement of Union College notice was given that the gifts of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter and Howard Potter, Esq., of $40,000, for the erection of Memorial Hall, had been increased by them to $50,000. It was a pleasant, as it certainly was a unique, spectacle that four of the grandsons of that remarkable man, Eliphalet Nott, for nearly half a century president of the college, should have participated in the exercises of the recent Commencement—four grandsons, each of whom has achieved high reputation: the eldest, Clarkson N. Potter, being Representative in Congress from the Westchester district, and an eminent lawyer; the second, Howard Potter, a member of one of the great banking houses of the world, and a gentleman of the highest culture; the third, Henry C. Potter, rector of the most opulent and most liberal Episcopal congregation in America, if not in the world; and the fourth, the Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, now president of the college. There are other brothers, who have also distinguished themselves, General Robert B. Potter, who won his epaulets in the rebellion, and Edward T. Potter, an eminent architect. The only sister of these brothers is the wife of Mr. Launt Thompson, the sculptor.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday,	5.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	12.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	2.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	9.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	16.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker, has come to the fullness of his honors at last. On the 10th of June a bronze statue of him, erected in his native village, was unveiled by Lady Stanley, wife of the Dean of Westminster. The spot chosen is within a few hundred yards of the prison where Bunyan spent twelve long years. The statue was the gift of the Duke of Bedford; the address was by the Dean of Westminster; and in the large company present were Earl Cowper, lord-lieutenant of the county, and other representatives of the national Church. At the banquet in the evening which followed the unveiling of the statue there were Churchmen, Independents, Baptists, Methodists, an Irvingite minister, and a Catholic priest. This fact very fitly symbolizes the catholicity of Bunyan's immortal work. Dean Stanley's address abounded in telling points. One is worth quoting here: "The whole of English literature has produced only two works of universal popularity, and both of these were by Non-conformists. One is the work of a Presbyterian journalist, and is called *Robinson Crusoe*, and the other is the work of a Baptist preacher, and its name is *The Pilgrim's Progress*."

Next in importance to the movements of churches in the direction of organic union are those which contemplate the calling of General Councils. A Pan-Presbyterian Council is already virtually determined upon; another Pan-Anglican Synod is in prospect; and now the Ohio General Conference of the Congregationalists has originated a proposal for an Œcumenical Council of the Congregational Churches of all lands. The Methodists will hold an international camp-meeting at Round Lake, New York, commencing July 8. There is wisdom shown in the gathering of such assemblies. They promote peace and good-will; they aggregate the strength of Protestantism, and compensate in some degree for its denominational divisions.

In the Ohio Congregational Conference (which met in Cincinnati) a paper was read "on the scandal caused by the sectarian rivalries of numerous small and weak churches in places which can support but one or two churches." A resolution was unanimously adopted for a Conference, through committees, with other denominations, for the suppression of this evil. The resolution does honor to its originators.

The Wesleyans of the Dominion of Canada completed at their annual Conference, which closed June 11, their reorganization. They have effected two changes—union with the New Connection Methodists, and the formation of a delegated General Conference, to be composed of ministers and laymen. Eastern British America also enters into the union. The first General Conference will be held in Toronto September next.

The long controversy in the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Wisconsin has been settled by the election of the Rev. Edward R. Welles to the vacancy made by the death of Bishop Armitage. Bishop Welles was born in Waterloo, New York, and is a graduate of Hobart College. He is described as "a man of great energy and rare executive ability, and it is trustworthily stated that when he took charge of his parish there were but two persons in his congregation, whereas now it is one of the most flourishing in the State. He has been always held in high esteem by his superiors, and has been frequently called to places of trust."

It is asserted by some of the English Church papers that the Queen is the real inspirer of the Archbishop of Canterbury's bill for the regulation of public worship. This measure has received the important support of the Chancellor, Lord Cairns; some important amendments moved by Lord Shaftesbury have also been adopted. It has already passed the House of Lords. The parties aimed at in the bill threaten disestablishment or secession if it is passed.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, the Church of the maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of the lower Provinces have agreed upon a basis of union, which is about to be formally adopted by all these parties.

The assault in the Province of New Brunswick upon the non-sectarian schools has been gallantly repulsed. The free-school act is the work of the present government, and has been resolutely opposed by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The question of its retention was made an issue at the polls. The electors of St. John, Queens, Charlotte, and Northumberland have sustained the schools by overwhelming majorities. The entire Province will no doubt go the same way.

It is quite time that the great powers did something to curb Mohammedan intolerance. A cable report announces that the circulation of the Scriptures is forbidden in Turkey; the story is improbable, but, taken in connection with former reports, indicates a disposition among some Turkish officials to obstruct the work of Christian teachers. The Pasha of Tunis has forbidden "Jews and foreigners" to practice trades, except under special license from the city magistrate. The Mussulman riot in Bombay, a few months since, which resulted in the killing of a dozen or more Parsees, will also be remembered. The offense in this instance was the publication by a Parsee of a life of Mohammed, compiled from Gibbon and Washington Irving. The Police Commissioner of Bombay, instead of punishing the rioters, suppressed the obnoxious book. We learn also from the *Evangelist* of this city that the Mohammedans of Bombay have demanded the suppression of a religious tract entitled *Reasons for Belief*, which has been circulating in India for over forty years, and have carried their point. This is a very strange proceeding.

The text of the resolutions adopted by the Old Catholic Synod recently held at Bonn has been received, and fully confirms the first report. The number of members present was eighty-nine; of the laymen twenty-three were from Russia, sixteen from Bavaria, thirteen from Baden, two from Hesse, and one from Oldenburg. The consideration of the celibacy of the clergy was postponed. The opening address of Bishop Reinkens dwelt especially upon the point that the Holy Spirit is given to laymen as well as priests. The decisions of the Cologne Congress were confirmed. These were the abolition of payment for masses, avoidance of the extravagances of indulgences and veneration of saints, ordering of public worship in a manner suitable to the needs of the congregation, etc. On auricular confession, it was declared that it is "worthless without repentance and without faith in the redemptive work of Christ," and that "the decision respecting the necessity or the advisability of receiving the sacrament of penance rests essentially with the personal judgment and self-knowledge of each individual." On fasting, it was declared to be a mistake to suppose that "the abstaining from certain meats on certain days, in obedience to the command of the Church, is a virtuous action, and the transgression of the same a sin." On the mode of public worship, it was declared to be desirable to use the language of the worshipers. The importance of these changes will be obvious to every one.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Very interesting for lazy lookers-on these midsummer races and regattas may be; but with a keen consciousness of the fierce heat of a July sun, we confess to a *warm* sympathy with the active participants. What a pity that so many of these blood-circulating amusements must come to a climax in the hottest months of the year! But Commencements are over, and Saratoga is filling up. On the 16th of July the regatta of American colleges occurs at Saratoga Lake, and crowds of people, untempted by the waters of a dozen springs, have turned their faces thither. Ten colleges will be represented—Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Princeton, Trinity, Wesleyan, and Williams. Saratoga is making great preparations. A fine course has been marked out; boat-houses have been built for all the crews a grand stand, capable of accommodating over five thousand people, is in process of erection; and the hotels are expecting a great jam. In addition to the Intercollegiate Regatta, there will be a series of base-ball games, and several foot-races. It is to be hoped that the 16th of July will not come in the midst of a "heated term."

Mississippi Sound has presented a remarkable scene at times since the recent flood. For miles it has been covered with logs, drift-wood, and masses of turf and soil filled with live animals—rats, raccoons, rabbits, alligators, and moccasin snakes. All these were brought down from swamps and marshes from fifty to one hundred miles inland. This mixed exhibition suggests the manner in which organic remains were distributed in past geological periods.

At the Vienna Exhibition there were specimens of paper made from several materials which have not hitherto been utilized for that purpose. Among these was paper from the mulberry-tree bark, from the stinging nettle, and from potato stalks. In sections of European countries where mulberry leaves are used for feeding silk-worms the remaining twigs have served only for fuel. But now in Austria and parts of Italy the bark is peeled off by a very simple arrangement, and from it a material prepared from which a good quality of paper is made. In Hungary the nettle is used with rags for making fine sketching and copying paper, and in Bohemia wrapping-paper is made from potato stalks.

Those who fancy they know what homesickness is should compare their sensations with those of the Pennsylvania school-boy, aged eleven, who walked home, seventy-eight miles, in two days and a half, with no nourishment whatever except green clover leaves.

Would it not be full as comfortable for the whole community if the discussion of the subject of cremation were postponed for a few months—say, until December next? The cremation societies can not reasonably expect any great addition to their numbers during July, August, and September. In short, the topic is unseasonable.

Bathers at Newport are alarming themselves because there is a report of sharks in the waters.

In some of the wool-growing districts of Asia Minor, where the famine prevails, a fatal disease has attacked the goats. It is stated that in the districts of Angora, Costambone, and Tchangri as many as 500,000 goats have perished. The effects of this will be severely felt next year in the diminished return of wool.

Baron Rothschild has devoted six millions of francs to the construction of a splendid mansion in the Avenue de Marigny, Champs Élysées, at Paris. It will be the most sumptuous residence in Paris.

Sixty Chinese students are now pursuing their studies in various towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut, most of them in private families. Thirty more are expected to arrive in this country during the month of July. All these students are preparing for government service, and have by their conduct reflected great credit upon their country. In the course of another year the Chinese government plans to send students to England, France, and Germany to be educated.

Miss Thompson's picture of "The Roll-Call" has become the property of Queen Victoria; but engravings will be made from it. The painting on which Miss Thompson is at present engaged has for its subject a scene from Waterloo, and represents one of the desperate charges of a party of French cavalry against an English infantry regiment formed in hollow square. The subject is far more difficult than "The Roll-Call," and will fully test the artist's power.

Carbolate of lime is recommended by one who has tried it as excellent for destroying worms upon currant bushes. Two or three applications are said to be a sure remedy.

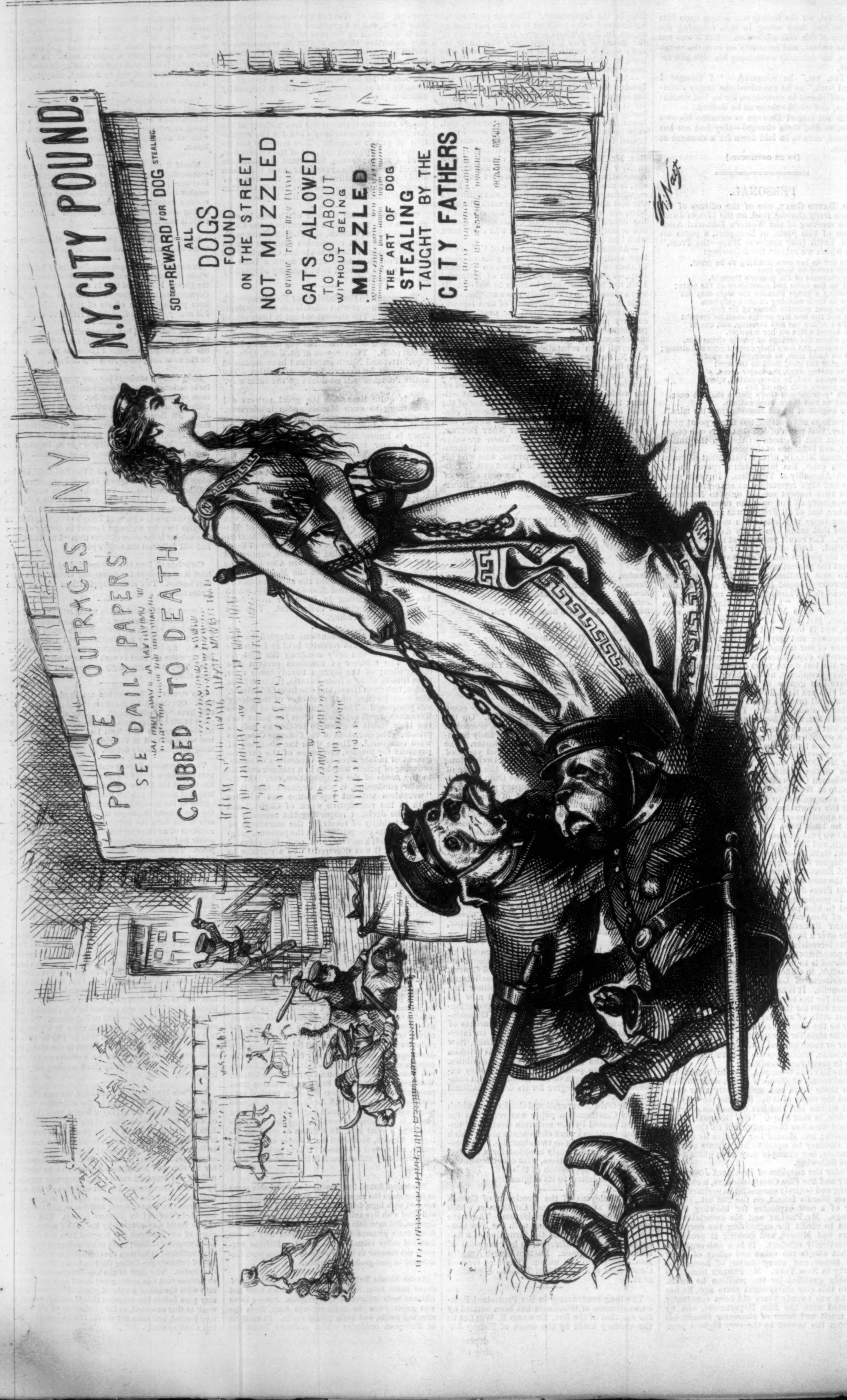
Among the books of fiction which will be found entertaining for a leisure hour during the summer vacation is *Ship Ahoy*, a novel designed to depict the dangers of sending to sea overladen and unseaworthy vessels. An interesting feature of this little book are the vignettes prefixed to each of the thirty-six chapters. They are exceedingly unique, and worthy of close study.

The streets of Washington are lined with 27,969 trees. Of this number 21,513 are in fine condition, and 6456 have been condemned. During the past three years 14,062 of these trees have been planted, of which number very few have been lost. The cost of each tree when planted in the street, with box and every thing complete, is six dollars.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* states the Russian newspapers have been forbidden to publish any news about the visit of the Emperor Alexander to England. It is true that according to law no newspaper is to take any notice of the doings or intentions of the Czar before the government *Messenger* speaks of them; but hitherto it has been the universal custom to publish full accounts of an imperial tour or festival after the *Messenger* had once announced that it was about to take place. This was the case when the Czar went to Austria, when he met the other emperors at Berlin, and even during the marriage festivities at St. Petersburg.

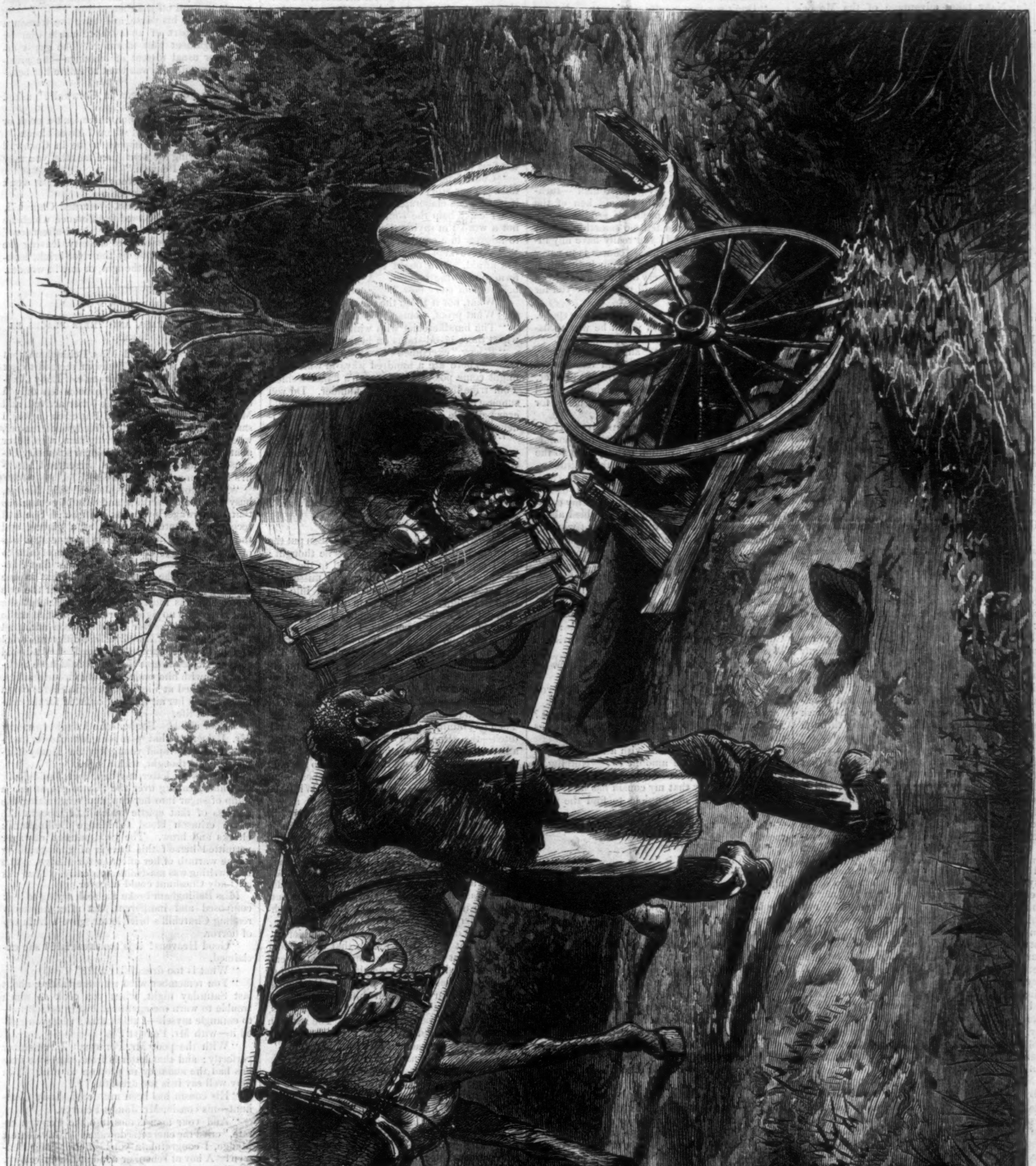
Exchanges give reports of most barbarous cruelty to a sick boy by the captain of a whaling vessel, the *Black Europa*, from New Bedford, Massachusetts. The story is that the lad, about nineteen years of age, had been ill for six weeks, and had received on board the ship no proper care or suitable food. While in an extremely weak condition, he was put ashore on Peel Island, one of a group belonging to Japan. There are only a few persons living on the island, but it so happened that a Frenchman had seen the boy put ashore, and found him afterward lying in a dead faint on the beach. He took him to his hut and gave him the best care he could, but there was no physician on the island. The sick boy was rescued by the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, and carried to Yokohama. Though exceedingly reduced in strength, there is a prospect that he will recover, and when able he will be sent to his home in New Hampshire. Such is the story, but we should like to believe that such cruelty on the part of a commander of a New England whaling ship was impossible.

The Paris Mint has just completed the manufacture of a bar of iridiated platina of the enormous weight of 500 pounds, and worth 210,000 francs, the exhibition of which recently took place at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers of Paris, in the presence of delegates from foreign countries and members of the Academy of Sciences, invited by General Morin, director of the establishment. That mass of metal, quite exceptional for its size and homogeneousness, is to be used in making the standard meters and kilograms required by various governments for the adoption of the metrical system, or the comparison of their weights and measures. Each set will cost 3500 francs, and forty-five have been ordered by different powers. The fusion of the metal was effected by the aid of seven blow-pipes of oxyhydrogen gas inserted into the cover of an enormous crucible; forty cubic meters of that fluid were sufficient to keep up the combustion of the seven jets of ordinary gas during the two hours the combustion lasted. The light of the incandescent metal was so intense that the melting pot could only be looked into with the aid of a colored glass. Many centuries may pass before the occasion should arise for such a work as that executed, as the production of platina is very limited, and does not exceed from a ton to a ton and a half annually.



"DOG-DAYS."

Watch-DOGS that ought to be taken up.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



"GRET KING! WHAT I GWINE TO DO NOW?"—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

DOG-DAYS.

MR. NAST takes advantage of the Mayor's persecution of the dogs to utter a vigorous pictorial protest, which will be found on page 580, against the brutalities of which some members of our police force are habitually guilty. As a rule, our police are well-disciplined, efficient, and worthy guardians of the peace; but the instances of brutal and unnecessary clubbing, of needless violence in making arrests, and other flagrant abuses, which frequently come to light, show that a thorough weeding out of the force is required, and fully justify the severity of Mr. NAST'S cartoon.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

"TRUTH IS TRUTH TO THE END OF TIME."

MR. PERGAMENT went back to London by a train which left Eborsham at half past five in the afternoon, half an hour after the termination of the inquest. Churchill went to the station with his solicitor, saw him into the railway carriage, and only left the platform when the train had carried Mr. Pergament away on his road to London. It was an understood thing that Pergament and Pergament were to keep the Penwyn estate in their hands, and that Churchill's interests were henceforward to be their interests. To Pergament and Pergament, indeed, it was as if James Penwyn had never existed, so completely did they transfer their allegiance to his successor.

Churchill walked slowly away from the station, seemingly somewhat at a loss how to dispose of his time. He might have gone back to London with Mr. Pergament, certainly, for he had no further business in the city of Eborsham. But for some sufficient reason of his own he had chosen to remain, although he was not a little anxious to see Madge Bellingham, whom he had not met since the change in his fortunes. He had written to her before he left London to announce that fact—but briefly, feeling that any expression of pleasure in the altered circumstances of his life would show badly in black and white. He had expressed himself properly grieved at his cousin's sad death, but had affected no exaggerated affliction. Those clear dark eyes of Madge's seemed to be looking through him as he wrote.

"I wonder if it is possible to keep a secret from her?" he thought. "She has a look that pierces my soul—such utter truthfulness."

He had ordered his dinner for eight, and it was not yet six, so he had ample leisure for loitering. He went back to Lowgate, and out through the Bar to the dull, quiet road where James met his death. Churchill Penwyn wanted to see the spot where the murder had been committed.

He had heard it described so often that it was easy enough for him to find it. A ragged hedge of elder and blackberry divided the low marshy ground from the road just at this point. From behind this hedge the murderer had taken his aim—at least that was the theory of the police. Between the road and the river the herbage was sour and scant, and the cattle that browsed thereon had a solitary and dejected look, as if they knew they were shut out from the good things of this life. They seemed to be the odds and ends of the animal creation, and to have come there accidentally. A misanthropical donkey, a lean cow or two, some gaunt, ragged-looking horses, a bony pig, scattered wide apart over the narrow track of sward along the low bank of the river.

Mr. Penwyn contemplated the spot thoughtfully for a little while, as if he would fain have made out something which the police had failed to discover, and then strolled across the grass to the river-bank. The gloomy solitude of the scene seemed to please him, for he walked on for some distance, meditative and even moody. Fortune brings its own responsibilities, and a man who finds himself suddenly exalted from poverty to wealth is not always gay.

He was strolling quietly along the bank, his eyes bent upon the river with that dreaming gaze which sees not the thing it seems to contemplate, when he was startled from his reverie by the sound of voices near at hand, and looking away from the water perceived that he had stumbled on a gypsy encampment. There were the low arched tents—mere kennels under canvas, where the dusky tribe burrowed at night or in foul weather; the wood fire; the ever-simmering pot; the litter of ashes and dirty straw, and bones, and a broken bottle or two; the sinister-browed vagabond lying on his stomach like the serpent, smoking his grimy pipe, and scowling at any chance passer-by; the half-naked children playing among the rubbish; the women sitting on the ground plaiting rushes into a door-mat. All these Churchill's eye took in at a glance—something more too, perhaps, for he looked at one of the women curiously for a moment, and slackened his leisurely pace.

She put down her mat, rose, and walked beside him.

"Let me tell your fortune, pretty gentleman," she began, with the same professional sing-song in which she had addressed James Penwyn a few days before. It was the same woman who stopped the late Squire of Penwyn lower down the river-bank.

"I don't want my future told, thank you. I know what it is pretty well," replied Churchill, in his calm, cold voice.

"Don't say that, pretty gentleman. No one can look into the urn of fate."

"And yet you and your tribe pretend to do so," said Churchill.

"We study the stars more than others do, and learn to read 'em, my noble gentleman. I've read something in the stars about you since the night your cousin was murdered."

"And pray what do the stars say of me?" inquired Churchill, with a scornful laugh.

"They say that you're a kind-hearted gentleman at bottom, and will befriend a poor gypsy."

"I'm afraid they're out in their reckoning for once in a way. Perhaps it was Mercury you got the information from. He's a notorious trickster. And now pray, my good woman"—turning to see that they were beyond ken of the rest—"what did you mean by sending me a letter to say you could tell me something about my cousin's death? If you really have any information to give, your wisest course is to carry it directly to the police; and if your information should lead to the discovery of the murderer, you may earn a reward that will provide for you for the rest of your life."

His eyes were on the woman's face as he spoke, with that intent look with which he was accustomed to read the human countenance.

"I've thought of that," answered the gypsy, "and I was very near going and telling all I knew to the police the morning after the murder, but I changed my mind about it when I heard you were here; I thought it might be better for me to see you first."

"I can't quite fathom your motive. However, as I am willing to give two hundred pounds reward for such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction of the murderer, you may have come to the right person in coming to me; only, I tell you frankly, that, deeply as I am interested in the punishment of my cousin's assassin, I had rather not be troubled about details. I won't even ask the nature of your information. Take my advice, my good soul, and carry it to the police. They are the people to profit by it; they are the people to act upon it."

"Yes, and cheat me of the reward after all, and choke me off with a five-pound note, perhaps. I know too much of the police to be over-inclined to trust 'em."

"Is your information conclusive?" asked Churchill: "certain to lead to the conviction of the murderer?"

"I won't say so much as that; but I know it's worth hearing, and worth paying for."

"You may as well tell me all about it, if you don't like to tell the police."

"What, without being paid for my secret? No, my pretty gentleman, I'm not such a fool as that."

"Come," said Churchill, with a laugh, "what does your knowledge amount to? Nothing, I dare say, that every one else in Eborsham doesn't share. You know that my cousin has been murdered, and that I am anxious to find the murderer."

"I know more than that, my noble gentleman."

"What then?"

"I know who did it."

Churchill turned his quick glance upon her again, searching, incredulous, derisive.

"Come," he said, "you don't expect to make me believe that you know the criminal, and let him slip, and lost your chance of the reward? You are not that kind of woman."

"I don't say that I've let him slip, or lost my chance of profiting by what I know. Suppose the criminal was some one I'm interested in—some one I shouldn't like to see come to harm?"

"In that case you shouldn't come to me about it. You don't imagine that I am going to condone my cousin's murder? But I believe your story is all a fable."

"It's as true as the planets. We have been encamped here for the last week, and on the night of the murder we'd all been at the races. Folks are always kind to gypsies upon a race-course, and there was plenty to eat and drink for all of us—perhaps a little too much drink—and when the races were over I fell asleep in one of the booths, among some straw in a corner where no one took any notice of me. My son Reuben—him as you saw yonder just now—was in the town, up to very little good, I dare say, and left me to take care of myself; and when I woke it was late at night, and the place was all dark and quiet. I didn't know how late it was till I came through the town and found all the lights out and the streets empty, and heard the cathedral clock strike two. I walked slow, and the clock had struck the half hour before I got through the Bar; I was dead tired, standing and walking about the race-course all day; and as I came along this road I saw some one walking a little way ahead of me. He walked on, and I walked after him, keeping on the other side of the way, and in the shadow of the hedge about a hundred yards behind him, and all at once I heard a shot fired, and saw him drop down. There was no one to give the alarm to, and no good in giving it if he was dead. I kept on in the shadow until I came nearly opposite where he lay, and then I slipped down into the ditch. There was no water in it, nothing but mud and slime and duck-weed, and such like; and I squatted there in the shadow and watched."

"Like some toad in its hole," said Churchill. "Common humanity would have urged you to try to help the fallen man."

"He was past help, kind gentleman. He dropped without a groan, never so much as moaned as he lay there. And it was wiser for me to watch the murderer, so as to be able to bear witness against him, when the right time came, than to scare him away by skreeking out like a raven."

"Well, woman, you watched and saw—what?"

"I saw a man stooping over the murdered gentleman: a tall man in a loose overcoat, with a scarf muffled round his neck. He put his hand in the other one's bosom, to feel if his heart had left off beating, I suppose, and drew it out again bloody. I could see that, even in the dim light betwixt night and morning, for I've something of a cat's eye, your honor, and am pretty well used to seeing in the dark. Candles ain't over-plentiful with our people. He held up his hand dripping with blood, and pulled a white handkerchief out of his pocket with the other hand to wipe the blood off."

Churchill turned and looked her in the face for the first time since she had begun her narrative.

"Come," he said, "you're overdoing the details. Your story would sound more like truth if it were less elaborate."

"I can't help the sound of it, Sir. There's not a word I'm saying that I wouldn't swear by to-morrow in a court of justice."

"You've kept your evidence back too long, I'm afraid. You ought to have given this information at the inquest. A jury would hardly believe your story now."

"What, not if I had the proof of what I say?"

"What proof, woman?"

"The handkerchief with which the murderer wiped those blood-stains off his hands!"

"Pshaw," exclaimed Churchill, contemptuously. "There are a hundred ways in which you might come possessed of a man's handkerchief. Your tribe lives by such petty plunder. Do you suppose that you, a gypsy and a vagabond, would ever persuade a British jury to believe your evidence against a gentleman?"

"What!" cried the woman, eagerly; "then you know it was a gentleman who murdered your cousin?"

"Didn't you say so, just this minute?"

"Not I, my noble gentleman. I told you he was tall, and wore an overcoat. That's all I told you about him."

"Well, what next?"

"He wiped the blood off his hand, then put the handkerchief back in his pocket, as he thought; but I suppose he wasn't quite used to the work he was doing, for in his confusion he missed the pocket and let the handkerchief fall into the road. I didn't give him time to find out his mistake, for while he was stooping over the dead man, emptying his pockets, I crept across the road, got hold of the handkerchief, and slipped back to my hiding-place in the ditch again. I'm light of foot, you see, your honor, though an old woman."

"What next?"

"He opened the dead man's purse, emptied it, and put the contents in his own waistcoat pocket. Then he crammed watch and purse down into the ditch—the same ditch where I was hiding, but a little way off—took a stick which he had broken off the hedge, and thrust them down into the mud under the weeds, making sure, I suppose, that no one could ever find them there. When he had done this, he pulled himself together, as you may say, and hurried off as fast as he could go, panting like a hunted deer, across the swampy ground and toward the river, where they found his footsteps afterward. I think it would have been cleverer of him if he'd left his victim's pockets alone, and let those that found the body rob it, as they'd have been pretty sure to do. Yet it was artful of him to clean the pockets out, so as to make it seem a common case of highway robbery, with violence."

"What did you do with the handkerchief?"

"Took it home with me, to that tent yonder—that's what we call home—and lighted an end of candle, and smoothed out the handkerchief to see if there was any mark upon it. Gentlemen are so particular about their things, you see, and don't like to get 'em changed at the wash. Yes, there the mark was, sure enough. The name in full—Christian and surname. It was as much as I could do to read 'em for the blood-stains."

"What was the name?"

"That's my secret. Every secret has its price, and I've put a price on mine. If I was sure of getting the reward, and not having the police turn against me, I might be more ready to tell what I know."

"You're a curious woman," said Churchill, after a longish pause. "But I suppose you've some plan of your own."

"Yes, your honor, I have my views."

"As to this story of yours, even supported by the evidence of this handkerchief which you pretend to have found, I doubt very much if it would have the smallest weight with a jury. I do not, therefore, press you to bring forward your information; though as my cousin's next of kin, it is, of course, my duty to do my best to bring his assassin to justice."

"That's just what I thought, your honor."

"Precisely. And you did quite right in bringing the subject before me. It will be necessary for me to know when and where I can find you in future, so that when the right time comes you may be at hand to make your statement."

"We are but wanderers on the face of the earth, kind gentleman," whined the gypsy. "It isn't very easy to find us when you want us."

"That's what I've been thinking," returned Churchill, musingly. "If you had some settled home, now? You're getting old, and must be tired of roving, I fancy—sleeping upon straw, under canvas, in a climate in which east winds are the rule rather than the exception. That sort of thing must be rather trying at your time of life, I should imagine."

"Trying! I'm racked with the rheumatics every winter, your honor. My bones are not so much bones as gnawing wolves—they torment me so. Sometimes I feel as if I could chop off my limbs willingly, to be quit of the pain in 'em. A settled home, a warm bed, a fireside—that would be heaven to me."

"Well, I'll think about it, and see what can be done for you. In the mean time I'll give you a trifle to ward off the rheumatism."

He opened his purse, and gave the woman a bank-note—part of an advance made him by Mr. Pergament that morning. The gypsy uttered her usual torrent of blessings—the gratitude wherewith she was wont to salute her benefactors.

"Have you ever been in Cornwall?" asked Churchill.

"Lord love your honor, there isn't a nook or a corner in all England where I haven't been."

"Good. If you happen to be in Cornwall any time during the next three months, you may look me up at Penwyn."

"Bless you, my generous gentleman; it won't be very long before you see me."

"Whenever you please," returned Churchill, with that air of well-bred indifference which he wore as a badge of his class. "Good-afternoon."

He turned to go back to the city, leaving the woman standing alone by the river-brink, looking after him, lost in thought, or lost in wonder.

CHAPTER XV.

"THEY SHALL PASS, AND THEIR PLACES BE TAKEN."

THE letter which told Miss Bellingham that her lover was master of Penwyn seemed to her almost like the end of a fairy tale. Lady Cheshunt had dropped in to afternoon tea only a quarter of an hour before the letter arrived, and Madge was busy with the old Battersea cups and saucers, and the quaint little Wedgwood tea-pot, when the accomplished serving-man, who never abated one iota of his professional solemnity because his wages were doubtful, presented Churchill's letter on an antique salver.

"Put it on the table, please," said Madge, busy with the tea-service, and painfully conscious that the dowager's eye was upon her. She had recognized Churchill's hand at a glance, and thought how daring, nay, even impudent, it was of him to write to her. It was mean of him to take such advantage of her weakness that Sunday morning, she thought. True that in one fatal moment she had let him discover the one secret she was most anxious to hide; but she had given him no right over her. She had made him no promise. Her love had been admitted hypothetically. "If we lived in a different world! If I had myself only to consider!" she had said to him; which meant that she would have nothing to do with him under existing circumstances.

She glanced at Viola, that fragile Sèvres china beauty, with her air of being unfitted for the vulgar uses of life.

"Poor child! For her sake I ought to marry Mr. Balecroft, that pompous Manchester merchant, or that vapid young fop, Sir Henry Flittergilt," she thought, with a sigh.

"Read your letter, my dear love," said Lady Cheshunt, leaning over the tray to put an extra lump of sugar into her cup, and scrutinizing the address of that epistle which had brought the warm crimson blood to Madge Bellingham's cheeks and brow. The good-natured dowager permitted herself this breach of good-breeding in the warmth of her affection for Madge. The handwriting was masculine, evidently. That was all Lady Cheshunt could discover.

Miss Bellingham broke the seal, trying to look composed and indifferent, but after hurriedly reading Churchill's brief letter, gave a little cry of horror.

"Good Heavens! it is too dreadful!" she exclaimed.

"What is too dreadful, child?"

"You remember what we were talking about last Saturday night, when you took so much trouble to warn me against allowing myself to—to entangle myself—I think that's what you called it—with Mr. Penwyn?"

"With the poor Mr. Penwyn. I remember perfectly; and that letter is from him—the man has had the audacity to propose to you? You may well say it is too dreadful."

"His cousin has been murdered, Lady Cheshunt—his cousin, Mr. James Penwyn."

"And your man comes into the Penwyn estate," cried the energetic dowager. "My dearest Madge, I congratulate you! Poor young Penwyn! A boy at school or a lad at the university, I believe. Nobody seems to know much about him."

"He has been murdered. Shot from behind a hedge by some midnight assassin. Isn't that dreadful?" said Madge, too much shocked by the tidings in her lover's letter to consider the difference this event might make in her own fortunes. She could not be glad all at once, though that one man whom her heart had chosen for its master was raised from poverty to opulence. For a little while, at least, she could only think of the victim.

"Very dreadful!" echoed Lady Cheshunt. "The police ought to prevent such things. One pays highway rates and sewer rates, and so forth, till one is positively ruined, and yet one can be murdered on the very high-road one pays for with impunity. There must be something wrong in the legislature. I hope things will be better when our party comes in. Look at that child Viola; she's as white as a sheet of paper—just as if she were going to faint. You shouldn't blurt out your murders in that abrupt way, Madge."

Viola gave a little hysterical sob, and promised not to faint this time. She was but a fragile piece of human porcelain, given to swooning at the slightest provocation. She went round to Madge, and knelt down by her, and kissed her fondly, knowing enough of her sister's feelings to comprehend that this fatal event was likely to benefit Madge.

"Odd that I did not see any thing of this

business in the papers," exclaimed Lady Cheshunt. "But then I only read the *Post*, and that does not make a feature of murders."

"Papa is at Newmarket," said Viola, "and Madge and I never look at the papers or hear any news while he is away."

Madge sat silent, looking at Churchill's letter till every word seemed to burn itself into her brain. The firm straight hand, the letters long and narrow and a little pointed—something like that wonderful writing of Joseph Addison's—how well she knew it!

"And yet he *must* have been agitated," thought Madge. "Even his quiet force of character could not stand against such a shock as this. After what he said to me, too, last Sunday, that wealth and position should have come to him so suddenly! There seems something awful in it."

Lady Cheshunt had quite recovered her habitual gayety by this time, and dismissed James Penwyn's death as a subject that was done with for the moment, merely expressing her intention of reading the details of the event in the newspapers at her leisure.

"And so, my dear Madge, Mr. Penwyn wrote to you immediately," she said. "Doesn't that look *rather* as if there were some kind of understanding between you?"

"There was no understanding between us, Lady Cheshunt, except that I could never be Mr. Penwyn's wife while he was a poor man. He understood that perfectly. I told him in the plainest, hardest words, like a woman of the world, as I am."

"You needn't say that so contemptuously, Madge. I'm a woman of the world, and I own it without a blush. What's the use of living in the world if you don't acquire worldly wisdom? It's like living ever so long in a foreign country without learning the language, and implies egregious stupidity. And so you told Churchill Penwyn that you couldn't marry him on account of his poverty; and you pledged yourself to wait ten or twenty years for him, I suppose, and refuse every decent offer for his sake?"

"No, Lady Cheshunt, I promised nothing."

"Well, my dear, Providence has been very good to you; for no doubt if Mr. Penwyn had remained poor, you'd have made a fool of yourself sooner or later for his sake, and gone to live in Bloomsbury, where even I couldn't have visited you on account of my servants. One might get over that sort of thing one's self, but coachmen are so particular where they wait."

Her ladyship rattled on for another quarter of an hour, promised Madge to come and stay at Penwyn Manor with her by-and-by, congratulated Viola on her sister's good fortune, hoped that her dear Madge would make a point of spending the season in London when she became Mrs. Penwyn, while Madge sat unresponsive, hardly listening to this flow of commonplace, but thinking how awful fortune was when it came thus suddenly, and had death for its herald. She felt relieved when Lady Cheshunt gathered up her silken train for the last time, and went rustling down stairs to the elegant Victoria which appeared far too fairy-like a vehicle to contain that bulky matron.

"Thank Heaven, she's gone!" cried Madge. "How she does talk!"

"Yes, dear, but she is always kind," pleaded Viola, "and so fond of you!"

Madge put her arms round the girl and kissed her passionately. That sisterly love of hers was almost the strongest feeling in her breast, and all Madge's affections were strong. She had no milk-and-water love.

"Dearest," she said, softly, "how happy we can be now! I hope it isn't wicked to be happy when fortune comes to us in such a dreadful manner."

"You do care a little for Mr. Penwyn, then, dear?" said Viola, without entering upon this somewhat obscure question.

"I love him with all my heart and soul."

"Oh, Madge, and you never told me!"

"Why tell you something that might make you unhappy? I should never have dreamed of marrying Churchill but for this turn in fortune's wheel. I wanted to make what is called a good marriage for your sake, darling, more than for my own. I wanted to win a happy home for you, so that when your time came to marry you might not be pressed or harassed by worldly people as I have been, and might follow the dictates of your own heart."

"Oh, Madge, you are quite too good!" cried Viola, with enthusiasm.

"And we may be very happy, mayn't we, my pet?" continued the elder, "living together at a picturesque old place in Cornwall, with the great waves of the Atlantic rolling up to the edge of our grounds—and in London sometimes, if Churchill likes—and knowing no more of debt and difficulty, or cutting and contriving so as to look like ladies upon the income of lady's-maids. Life will begin afresh for us, Viola."

"Poor papa!" sighed Viola; "you'll be kind to him, won't you, Madge?"

"My dearest, you know that I love him. Papa will be very glad, depend upon it, and he will like to go back to his old bachelor ways, I dare say, now that he will not be burdened with two marriageable daughters."

"When will you be married, Madge?"

"Oh, not for ever so long, dear—not for a twelvemonth, I should think. Churchill will be in mourning for his cousin, and it wouldn't look well for him to marry soon after such a dreadful event."

"I suppose not. Are you to see him soon?"

"Very soon, love. Here is his postscript." Madge read the last lines of her lover's letter—"'I shall come back to town directly the inquest is over and all arrangements made, and my first visit shall be to you.'"

"Of course. And you really, really love him, Madge?" asked Viola, anxiously.

"Really, really. But why ask that question, Viola, after what I told you just now?"

"Only because you've taken me by surprise, dear, and—don't be angry with me, Madge—because Churchill Penwyn has never been a favorite of mine. But of course now I shall begin to like him immensely. You're so much better a judge of character than I am, you see, Madge, and if you think him good and true—"

"I have never thought of his goodness or his truth," said Madge, with rather a gloomy look. "I only know that I love him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A KANSAS LAND-OFFICE.

When Martin Chuzzlewit entered the land-office of the Eden settlement he was startled to see a great plan occupying one whole side of the room, on which were depicted the banks, churches, cathedrals, market-places, factories, stores, mansions, wharves, exchange, theatre, and public buildings of all kinds, where he had expected to find only a village. The reader of Dickens will remember that poor Martin found all these magnificent structures to be nothing but castles in the air. In a less exaggerated form his experience has been that of many an unsuspecting emigrant in the far West, though of late years there has been much less of this kind of cheating than once prevailed. Most of the land-offices are honestly conducted, and the emigrant can in general rely upon the representations of the agents.

The illustration on our first page shows the interior of a Kansas land-office. On the wall hang large section maps, and samples of all kinds of agricultural produce are scattered about the room, as evidence of the fertility of the soil. The agent appears to be explaining the peculiar advantages of a certain section of land. The cautious buyer listens, but has not yet made up his mind. In the background a clerk is explaining to some customers the mysteries of a map, and showing the location of the land about which they are inquiring. These agents furnish teams to those who wish to inspect the country, make contracts, receive payments, and give deeds. They know every inch of ground and every settler in their neighborhood, and are a smart, lively, enterprising class of men.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have on several occasions called the attention of our readers to the progress made in the preparation and publication of the great work on the marine mammals of the North Pacific by Captain C. M. Scammon, of the United States revenue service, and have now the pleasure of announcing its completion and publication by John H. Carmany & Co., San Francisco. It forms a stout quarto volume, with many plates, and contains an exhaustive history of the whales, porpoises, and other cetaceans, together with that of the sea-elephant, sea-lion, sea-otter, the walrus, etc., all accurately figured and described.

A specially important section of the volume is that upon the American whale-fishery, giving an account of its origin, extent, mode of prosecution, its progress and present condition, together with a full account of all the apparatus used in the capture and utilization of the cetaceans, and the incidents of a whaling life.

In an appendix is a systematic account and catalogue of the cetaceans of the North Pacific by Mr. Dall, a glossary of words and phrases used by whalemen, and a list of stores and outfits. The press-work and make-up of the book and its illustrations are of the first class, and would do credit to the best of the establishments in the East.

The value of this book consists in its having been prepared by one who was himself in the whaling business for many years, which he left during the war to become an officer of the revenue service; and although he has depended to some extent upon others for the scientific technicalities, the peculiar value of the book is entirely due to himself.

As an exhaustive treatise even of a limited field of the whale-fishery, this book occupies the first rank in the literature of the subject. It will doubtless have a large circulation among the whalemen of Cape Cod and New England generally, since by a reference to it they can renew their experiences, and fight over again their early battles.

Mr. Henry W. Elliott, whose appointment as special agent of the United States Treasury Department we announced some time ago, left San Francisco on the 20th of May for Port Townsend, at which place he expected to go on board the United States revenue-cutter, and proceed on the mission intrusted to him by Congress. This consists of an inquiry into the geographical distribution of the fur seals of the North Pacific, with a view of more completely determining their habits, and ascertaining what further action on the part of Congress is necessary to secure their continued abundance on the American islands. He will be accompanied by Lieutenant Maynard, an officer of the navy, whose special business will be to look into the affairs of the Alaska Commercial Company on the islands of St. Paul and St. George.

The first report (that for 1873) upon the organization and progress of the Anderson School of Natural History at Penikese Island has just been made by its trustees, and is occupied by a statement of the circumstances which led to the establishment of the school, and the measures which have been since taken for its success. It will be remembered that in 1872 Professor Agassiz issued a circular announcing a proposed summer school of natural history at Nantucket, for which the co-operation of eminent naturalists had been secured. This proposition met the eye of Mr. John Anderson, a well-known citizen of New York, and the owner of the small island of Penikese, at the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, which he was in the habit of occupying as his summer residence. This gentleman, through a friend, at once suggested Penikese as a suitable location for the school in question, and offered to present it to Professor Agassiz for the purpose.

In view of the fact that Penikese is a better station in many respects and more accessible than Nantucket, Professor Agassiz was strongly inclined to accept the offer; although, on account of the absence of sufficient accommodations at the time, he proposed that the school should be conducted at Nantucket, as originally proposed, for the first season.

Mr. Anderson being desirous that the work should be begun on his island, offered, in response, the sum of $50,000 to meet the cost of starting the establishment; and ultimately a provisional arrangement was made, the school at Nantucket was given up, and the work commenced at Penikese.

The school was opened on the 8th of July, and met with great success, as filling a want that had long been felt; indeed, the number of applicants was much greater than could be received. The present of a fine yacht by Mr. Galloupe, of Swampscot, constituted an important addition to the means of research, and by its aid large numbers of marine animals were collected from day to day for the use of the school, in addition to what could be obtained from the shore.

Forty-four persons, of both sexes, availed themselves of the privileges of the school, which consisted in the instructions of Professor Agassiz and his colleagues, and an opportunity of investigating the fauna of the region in company with special students of natural history. The short time allowed for erecting the buildings and putting every thing in working order, after the donation of Mr. Anderson, left so many accommodations unprovided as to interfere somewhat with the comfort and convenience of those who were to live upon the island, but not at all with the enthusiasm of the pupils and the success of the work.

Since the close of the season of 1873 the work of erecting the necessary buildings and fitting them up has gone on uninterruptedly, and the establishment opens July 9 with every thing in readiness, and with the means of accommodating a somewhat larger attendance. The school is now under the direction of Mr. Alexander Agassiz, who ranks so deservedly high as a naturalist, by whom every thing has been and will be done to carry out the wishes of his father.

The report is accompanied by several illustrations, consisting of plans and elevations of the buildings, and a map of Penikese and of the other islands constituting the group between Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound.

The sixth annual convention and exhibition of the National Photographic Association will be held in Chicago on the 14th–17th of July. The object of this association is to give photographers an opportunity for a general interchange of ideas, and for the examination and comparison of the various improvements that may have been made. Secondly, to show the public what has been done in photography, and enable it to appreciate the various marked improvements, and thus bring them into proper notice.

The exhibition of photographs and of photographic apparatus at the coming meeting, it is expected, will greatly surpass in interest that of any meeting held since the organization of the association.

The annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge for the year 1873 has just appeared, and gives the usual account of satisfactory work done during that period. They report that in addition to the regular income of the museum, which amounts to about $15,000 per annum, the sum of nearly $176,000 has been contributed by various parties to enable the late director, Professor Louis Agassiz, to meet special emergencies in the purchase of specimens, and of maintaining the collections, etc.

With the exhaustion of this sum—as the only reliable support consisted of the regular annual income—it was found necessary to reduce the force very greatly; and on the 1st of April of the present year a large number of the former employés were dismissed, a few being retained to maintain the different departments in a state of efficiency.

Due acknowledgments are made to the gentlemen connected with the museum for valuable services rendered, as also to the contributors who have added so largely to the number of specimens.

The most important of the additions are those from the *Hassler* expedition, covering, as they do, all branches of zoology. Next to these are mentioned the very complete series of marine animals from the Mauritius, presented by Colonel Nicholas Pike, the late consul to that island. Extensive donations of Asiatic insects were received from Rev. M. M. Carleton, and of North American coleoptera from Dr. Lewis, etc. The most important purchase of the year was that of the collection of fossil crinoids gathered by Mr. Charles Wachsmuth.

The death of Professor Agassiz is adverted to in appropriate terms; and Mr. Alexander Agassiz, his son and successor, announces his intention, in behalf of the trustees, of carrying out the views of the founder as fully as practicable.

As a contribution to the history of the occurrence of shad in the waters tributary to the Gulf of Mexico we may mention that, according to the Montgomery *Advertiser*, several genuine shad have been taken from Pigeon Creek during the present season. This stream empties into the Escambia River, which discharges into the Gulf of Mexico at Pensacola. The occurrence of shad in considerable numbers in other parts of the Escambia River has already been well substantiated.

During the past winter the eminent French geologist Deville has astonished the world by a number of weather predictions whose fulfillment has been beyond all anticipation. M. Deville has very often published similar prognostications, which were always successful, but perhaps never in so striking a way. Having at hand an immense number of trustworthy observations, continued for many years in all Europe, and especially in France, he has discovered that there is monthly a large thermometrical oscillation, which he calls *dodecuple*, from the Greek word signifying twelve. This oscillation generally takes place in the second week of the month, but is not equally marked every month, and is not always a depression, but sometimes an elevation of temperature. The November oscillation, for instance, is a decided elevation of temperature. February, March, and May, on the contrary, have a cold period. The range of the oscillations, as well as their exact position in time, varies for different years, very probably because there is more than one single cause in operation to produce them. Happily, M. Deville has discovered an indication which enables him to foresee which oscillations are to be the largest or the smallest. He finds that each dodecuple oscillation of the temperature is preceded by a similar dodecuple oscillation in the barometric pressure, the difference of time between both oscillations being ordinarily five days. Consequently, having noted a large barometric oscillation on March 2, he was certain that by the 8th of the month the regular thermometric oscillation for March should appear very decidedly. The deviation of the thermometric oscillation is uncertain to the extent of four or five days. Accordingly, on the 2d of March he predicted a very cold period to be approaching, beginning with the 9th, and ending with the 13th of the month—a prediction that was fully verified, and was the more especially noticed because the cold was initiated by a heavy fall of snow, the first of the year, in that city. M. Deville is of opinion that the phenomenon observed by him is owing to the presence of certain cosmical streams of meteoric bodies, which may chance to be distributed in an irregular manner in celestial space. These assumptions are purely hypothetical, but the existence of the dodecuple period in itself is based on observation, and can not be questioned.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scotch who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honor of the country, no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

A Quaker being asked his opinion of phrenology, replied, indignantly, "Friend, there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat!"

A suspicious wife, on being asked where her husband was, replied that she was very much afraid he was Missing.

A young boot-black observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus: "Julius, what are you looking at dat paper for? You can't read." "Go away," cried the other, indignantly, "guess I can read; I's big enuff for dat." "Big enuff!" retorted the other, scornfully, "dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enuff to catch mice, but she can't."

A tourist who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, replied, "When I was going to Berne."

A gentleman once bought a horse of a country dealer. The bargain concluded and the money paid, the gentleman said, "Now, my friend, I have bought your horse—what are his faults?" "I know of no faults that he has except two," replied the man; "and one is, that he is hard to catch." "Oh, never mind that," said the buyer; "I will contrive to catch him at any time, I will engage; but what is the other?" "Ah, Sir, that is the worst," answered the fellow; "he is good for nothing when you have caught him."

A matter-of-fact old gentleman thinks it must be a very small base-ball that can be caught on a fly.

"Charley, did you ever hear it said that if you find a four-leaved clover, and put it in your shoe, the first lady you walk with will be your wife?" "No—never heard of it before." "Well, I found one this morning, and you are the first one I have walked with. I wonder if it's true."

By one decisive argument
Tom gained his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day.
"Why in such haste, dear Tom, to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said.
"But then," says he, "*I* may."

A Milwaukee paper says of a literary gentleman of that city: "The subdued light of those mild blue orbs is indeed the slumbering fire of genius. He is also a very good young man. With the exception of a few games of marbles played on Sunday while a boy, his life has been without reproach."

When was beef tea first mentioned in history?—When Henry VIII. dissolved the Papal Bull.

There was a party given in Dallas, Kansas, and this is the way a reporter of that place goes into the toilet business: "Miss X—— wore a red bombazine dress, ruched with point alpaca, and an over-skirt of rose gingham with a border of parsley blossoms. Her tournure was particularly noticeable, from the fact that her hair was so deliciously scrambled in front. She also wore No. 9 lilac double-button gloves. No. 6 store shoes, slashed at the heels, and Pompadour socks."

A bad Omen—To owe men money.

An anxious Scotch mother, on the occasion of her son's departing for England, blessed him and gave him all good advice, concluding with, "My dear Sawny, my ainly son, gang south an' get all the siller from the Southrons. Tak' every thing ye can; but the English are a braw boxin' people, an' tak' care o' them, Sawny. My dear son Sawny, never fight a bald man, for you can not catch hold o' him by the hair o' his head."

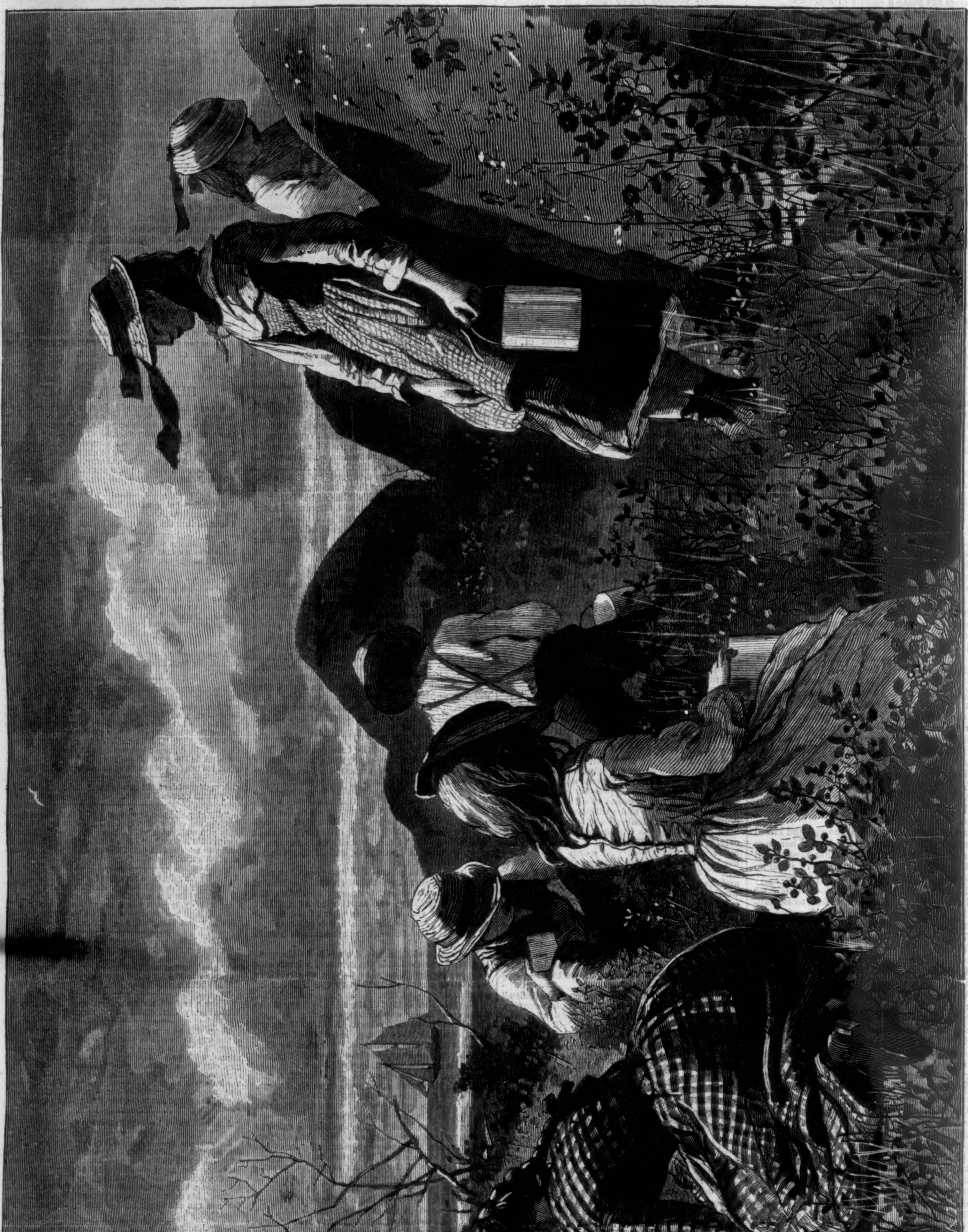
Never scare off a fly with a club when a feather will do as well.

"Dear me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington, recently, at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body."

A Milwaukee woman traded her son for a dog, and although it is a poor dog, it is thought she made a good bargain.

A Pennsylvania gentleman left his home eight years ago to get his boots fixed, and has not returned yet. He is probably hunting for "heel-taps."

Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I., but was refused admittance into the royal closet by a sprucely dressed countryman of the king's. James, hearing the altercation between the two, came out and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?" "Oh no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley; "inflict a severer punishment—send him back to Scotland!"



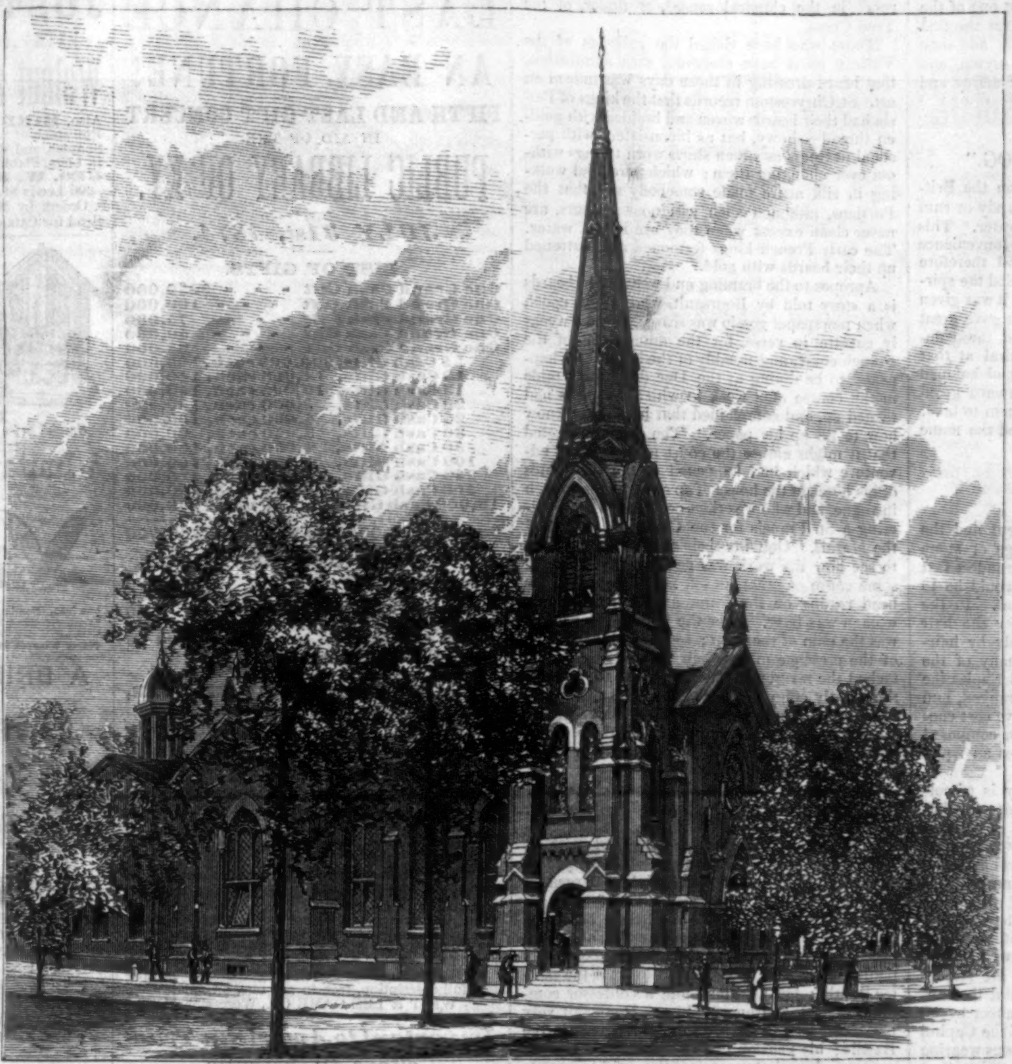
GATHERING BERRIES.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

THE SYRACUSE DISASTER.

On the evening of June 23 a strawberry festival was held in the parlors of the Central Baptist Church, at Syracuse. The rooms on the first and second floors were thronged with children and grown people, and the festivities were proceeding joyously, when, a little after nine o'clock, a slight but quite perceptible trembling of the floor of the upper room caused a general alarm. Some of the more prudent of the grown people left the room with their children, but the greater number remained. A few minutes later a horrible catastrophe took place. The entire floor, on which were gathered about three hundred persons, gave way, and fell with a tremendous crash, burying all in one awful ruin. In the room below were forty or fifty people, who were overwhelmed without the slightest warning, and it seems almost miraculous that any escaped with life.

The crash of the falling timbers, and the awful shrieks that rose from the abyss where lay the living, the dying, and the dead, were heard for a great distance, and filled all hearers with terror. The streets were soon crowded with excited people, and the wildest rumors prevailed. It was believed the city had been shaken by an earthquake, and people stood in momentary dread of another shock. The Fire Department was called out, the whole police force was summoned, and in a few minutes were at the scene of disaster. Those who were the first to effect an entrance to the church (says an eye-witness) saw nothing but a horrible black pit, filled with a dense smoke, from the bottom of which came the terrifying shrieks and wails and moans of the unseen victims. A number were already dead and out of their agony, others were in the pangs of death, and many more were lying helpless, having received mortal wounds. Those who were on the top, and who had escaped with but slight injuries, were walking or crawling about over the heaps of bodies, either trying to find friends or escape from the terrible grave. The firemen and the policemen were not many minutes in beginning work. A large number of able-bodied citizens were allowed to help as volunteers, but the promiscuous crowd was kept outside the police lines. A force of men was sent off to the railroad shops to procure jacks for raising the ruins, and all the rest went to work cutting away the *débris* and bringing out the victims. The work was vigorously but slowly prosecuted, and before midnight the last of the living and the dead had been taken out. The excitement without the church was terrible, and as each body, either dead or severely injured, was being carried to the adjoining houses the mass surged back and forth, all terribly anxious to ascertain who it was, and whether dead or alive. At the height of the excitement not less than 10,000 people were crowded around the church.

The floor which fell was suspended by iron rods from a wooden truss under the roof of the church. These rods went through the lower but not through the upper chord of the truss. The lower chord had been spliced wrong side up, and at that point was the first to give way. The floor, having no props beneath it, sunk in the form of the letter V. The most of the deaths were caused by the falling timbers of the truss; some persons, however, were smothered by the plastering. By this dreadful calamity thirteen lives were lost, and more than a hundred persons were injured, many of them very seriously. The pastor of the church, the Rev. GEORGE T. DOWLING, and his wife, went down with the broken floor, but both escaped without serious injury. Some of the incidents of the disaster were very affecting. Mothers ran to and fro, moaning and crying, "Oh, my poor children! They are dead! they are dead!" "Where's my little girl?" "Have you seen my darling boy?" Among those who escaped was a



THE CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE RUINS.

THE SYRACUSE DISASTER.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. V. RANGER, SYRACUSE.]

blind woman, who was on the floor at one of the tables when the crash came. She says the first she knew she was going down, down; and then all around her she heard people crying and moaning, and calling upon God for mercy and forgiveness.

THE ORIGIN OF "GROG."

UNTIL the time of Admiral Vernon the British sailors had their allowance of brandy or rum served out to them unmixed with water. This plan was found to be attended with inconvenience on some occasions, and the admiral therefore ordered that in the fleet he commanded the spirit should be mixed with water before it was given to the men. This innovation at first gave great offense to the sailors, and rendered the commander very unpopular. The admiral at that time wore a grogram coat, and was nicknamed "Old Grog." This name was afterward given to the mixed liquor he compelled them to take, and it has hence universally obtained the name of grog.

BEARDS.

HAIR-DRESSING marked the advent and the advance of civilization. In the age of stone there were no curling-irons. The grandest feat a prehistoric barber could perform would be to shave his patient with a razor of flint. In the civilization of what we call antiquity the hair was made an object of art, not only by hair-dressers, but by real artists. In many of the bronze busts to be seen at Rome and Naples the beards even are most elaborately arranged, and curled to a perfection which must have cost considerable labor. In ancient statues, composed of various materials, the hair receives an equal share of attention.

In some antique busts the drapery is of colored marble, put together in such a manner that the veins shall represent the stripes or pattern of the cloth. In some the whole face is made of transparent alabaster, and in several at Rome the hair is of bronze. The remains of paint and gilding may frequently be traced on antique busts. It is doubtful whether this be what we call good taste; but it would be interesting to see some spirited plaster cast really well treated after the ancient fashion. There are statues in which the flesh is white marble and the drapery black, and which produce an effect by no means inelegant. In the museum of the Capitol are (or were) busts representing persons wearing wigs. The wig is made movable, to take off at will, so that the bust might at different times be dressed in different marble head-dresses. One of these, representing Julia Pia, the second wife of Septimus Severus, has a wig of white marble. Another, Lucilla, the wife of Lucius Verus, has a black marble wig.

Many trades derive their name from the articles they work or deal in. A saddler fabricates saddles and other horse gear; a blacksmith fashions black metal, or iron; a whitesmith, white metal, or tin; a goldsmith forges nothing less than gold, unless he expands his title as gold and silver smith; a jeweler tells you plainly what he deals in. The barber's name does not come from the English beard he shaves, but from the Latin "barba," the Roman beard, doubtless through the French "barbier." Our "beard" is Saxon. A Roman barber was simply a "tonsor" or clipper, which does not say much for the razors of antiquity. We might be tempted to guess from the Latin etymology that "barbarians" are unshaven peoples, savages with beards; but unfortunately "barbaros" is Greek, meaning every body who was not Greek, and having for its root either the Arabic "bar," desert, or a Chaldean term signifying "without," "outsiders"—in short, exactly as the Chinese call all the rest of the world "outer barbarians," and as the French considered them not long ago.

The beard has never been a matter of indifference, but has even given rise to religious wars: about as reasonable as those of Swift's Big-endians and Little-endians. The Tartars persecuted the Persians as infidels because they refused to conform their mustaches to the Tartar ritual. There existed at least a plausible reason for Alexander's commanding the Macedonians to shave, namely, lest their enemies should clutch them by the beard, and so cut their throats, as you carve a leg of mutton holding it by the frizzled-papered knuckle. It was an acknowledgment of the sailors' maxim, that "one hand-hold is worth two foot-holds." Less clear are Peter of Russia's motives for his pitiless onslaught on Muscovite beards. If he had any, he was much too great a man to tell them. He would have been happy had all Russia possessed but one beard, so that he might have cut it off at a single stroke. But so little willing were his loving subjects to yield their beards at word of command that he had to employ gangs of officials to catch them, hold them down, and shear them, as the shepherd shears sheep.

Pliny states that the Romans did not begin to shave till the year of Rome 454, when Publius Ticinus brought over a cargo of barbers from Sicily. He adds that Scipio Africanus first set the fashion of being shaved every day. But, according to the same authority, after the age of forty-nine, every man was expected to wear his beard long. Young men underwent their first snipping at the age of twenty-one, and visits of ceremony were paid on that important occasion. The first chin crop was devoutly inclosed in a small gold or silver box, and then presented as a votive offering to some divinity, mostly Jupiter Capitolinus. The first fourteen Emperors of Rome were shorn, down to Adrian, who revived the beard to hide certain blemishes on the imperial skin. Beards held their own till Constantine, whose mother, Helena, became famous as the "inventress" (in the classical sense), or finder, of the True Cross.

Those who have visited the galleries of the Vatican must have observed, with admiration, that beard-dressing in those days was indeed an art. St. Chrysostom records that the kings of Persia had their beards woven and braided with golden thread—showy, but as inconsistent with personal neatness as silken shirts worn to rags without ever changing them; which perennial walking in silk attire made somebody say that the Persians, although such assiduous bathers, are never clean except when they are in the water. The early French kings festooned and buttoned up their beards with gold.

Apropos to the braiding and weaving of beards is a story told by Boursault, who, at an epoch when newspaper gossip was scarce, wrote a weekly gazette, in verse, for the amusement of the French court, and notably of the king. He happened to be dining at the Duc de Guise's table in the course of a week in which no news had turned up, and complained that he did not know how to fill up his paper. The duke suggested that it might amuse the court to hear of an adventure which had happened at the very gates of his hôtel, at the house of an embroideress much in vogue, and who was then occupied in embroidering a St. Francis for the Capuchin monks of the Marais. One day their sacristan went there to see how the work was getting on. Through some cause or other he fell fast asleep, with his head resting on the frame at which the young woman was busy. Now the part she was doing was the chin of the saint; so she took advantage of the presence of real hair, and artistically attached the reverend father's beard to the face of the saintly effigy. On awaking, the monk was surprised and indignant at finding his venerable appendage caught in a snare; and there was a long discussion between him and the artist which should keep the beard, he or she.

This story was the gem of that week's gazette. The king, who was young, laughed heartily at it, and saw nothing to give offense. Maria Thérèsa, who was piety itself, also laughed, without being scandalized; but her confessor, a Spanish Cordelier, did not understand a joke. Urged on by the Capuchins, who cried aloud for vengeance at the insult to their sacristan's beard, he excited the queen's religious scruples, and compelled her to require of the king an exemplary punishment. His majesty tried to treat the matter lightly; but a woman and a confessor combined were too strong for him. Boursault very narrowly escaped having to take lodgings in the Bastile; his pension of two thousand livres was suppressed, and the continuation of his gazette forbidden. Subsequently, however, he obtained a privilege for a similar gazette, under the title of *La Muse Enjouée* (The Merry Muse), which he wrote every month for the Dauphin's amusement.

But any account of beards and beard-dressers would be defective without some allusion to the Capuchins. So famous were their beards that to this very day a favorite winter salad (chiccory leaves blanched in a peculiar way, barbe de Capucin, or Capuchin's beard) bears their honored name. Of all monkish beards the Capuchins' was the most remarkable. They combed it out coquettishly, pomaded it complacently, and when rainy weather threatened, carefully inclosed it in a parchment bag. A few monks might wish to suppress this conspicuous glory of their order, because it betrayed their personality at times when they wished to remain incognito. If we are to believe anecdotes that have been circulated in quite an irreverent spirit, more than one modern Delilah has exercised her guilty scissors on the beard of a too-confiding Capuchin. When the poor victim has returned to his convent in a state more pitiable than that of Samson, the guardian father (a cunning old fox, who had escaped from not a few traps in his time), not requiring any body to tell him on whose knees the shorn one had fallen asleep, after a good beating, locked him up in a dungeon until he had repaired his fault by a fresh growth of hair.

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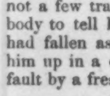

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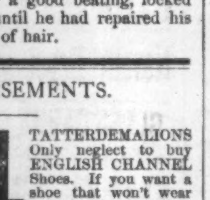

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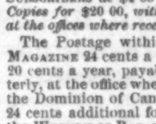

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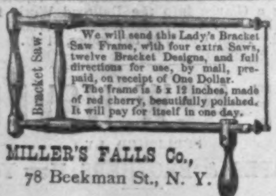

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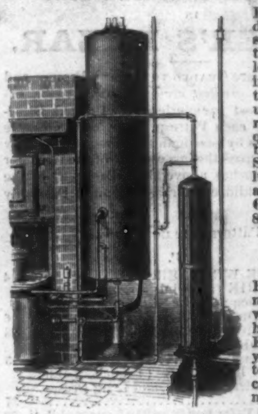

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Opened at Popular Prices.

$21 per week for September; $28 per week for July and August. Rooms can be engaged at the Metropolitan Hotel, or Gilsey House, New York City.

ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

OF the picturesque mountain ranges that traverse the principality of Wales, Snowdon, in Caernarvonshire, is the highest and most noted peak. The Welsh call it the Wyddfa, or conspicuous. It rises to the height of 3571 feet above the level of the sea, and its picturesque character is hardly equaled by any other mountain in Wales or England. On the western side it is extremely steep and difficult of ascent, and presents a singular formation of pentagonal basaltic columns. The summit commands an extensive view over a range of picturesque country, and every summer crowds of tourists toil up its precipitous sides, like the party in our engraving, to enjoy the charming panorama.

ASCENT OF SNOWDON, CARNARVONSHIRE, NORTH WALES.

RAT BATTUES.

THE cellars, drains, and slaughter-houses of Paris contain a dense population of rats. They may be killed to any extent, but are never got rid of. It is stated that in all France there are upward of two thousand millions of rats and other rodents, that is, animals who gnaw with their front teeth. The Paris rats take the lead in audacity, and, as a species of game, are hunted for their carcass, their skin, and their fur. During the recent siege of that city rats figured publicly as a marketable commodity for the table, and they may do so again. As an encouragement to their increase in numbers, they are allowed to make nightly visits to the dépôts for dead horses, the bones of which they strip to the required cleanness. The dépôts are surrounded by walls, to which they gain access by holes bored all round, every hole being exactly the length of a rat's body, leaving the tail sticking out. Once in every three months there is a grand battue. As the assailants, with noise of tin pans and drums, rush into the inclosure, the rats rush into the holes, and the collector, making a tour of the premises, seizes rat after rat by its tail and transfers it to his bag with amazing dexterity. We are informed that "the privilege of gathering rats on the battue days is farmed out by the authorities, and a profitable business it is. These rats, sleek and fat as they necessarily are, fetch a remunerative price; the fur, the skin, and the flesh meet with a ready sale." A recent English writer inclines to think "that a nice plump young rat, fried or roasted, and served up with good gravy and other condiments, would make a very delicious dish." It is, perhaps, only a strong old-fashioned prejudice which keeps Englishmen and Americans from trying the experiment! We have, indeed, heard of Americans who were very glad, during the siege of Paris, to get any thing so good as rats to eat; and it is well known that sailors who have run short of provisions on long voyages not only feel no repugnance to this kind of food, but learn to positively like it. After all, the repugnance lies chiefly in the idea. Many a man in Paris may have breakfasted sumptuously upon rats who would have gone hungry for a week rather than eat it had he known the ingredients of the toothsome dish.

JONATHAN'S WOOING—A FOURTH OF

JONATHAN would a-wooing go,
So he put on his best chapeau.
"I know a beautiful girl," said he,
"And I think she's rather fond of me.
Columbia is my darling's name."

She saw him coming, and when he came,
Eager and loving, and knelt at her feet,
She dropped her eyes, so coy and sweet,
And looked like a dove that was cooing;
So the boy began his wooing.

Now a stout old gentleman named John Bull,
Whose head was empty, whose stomach was full,
Determined to put an end to that.
So he jammed his crown on his head for a hat,
And, taking his bull-dog, crossed the sea,

Old Bull in a moment was on the pair:—
He grabbed Columbia by the hair,
And she fell on her knees with her lover's coat,
While he held the youngster by the throat,
To try if he could not stop his wind.

His ugly bull-dog had crept behind,
And where Jonathan's trowsers were broad and slack,
Had fastened his teeth, to pull him back:
The fragments the ground will be strewing
Before he gets through with his wooing!

The very next moment the lad let fly,
And planted his right in Bull's left eye;
It fell with a heavy, thudding sound,
And tumbled the old man on the ground.
If the dog that hangs to Jonathan so

But Jonathan's luck has changed, for he
Has the head of old Bull in chancery:
Plant your right in his right eye now,
And Bull will bellow—he does—like a cow!
Columbia watches with happy surprise,

And the stars in her jacket are bright as her eyes;
But the powerless bull-dog—*he* looks grim,
For the eagle's talon is still in him:
He won't do any more chewing,
At least, at Jonathan's wooing!

Faint heart never wins, but a stout one may,
And Jonathan's won his lady to-day;
Bull knows it, and runs, with the boy in pursuit,
He sees it, and feels it too, to boot!
Fly to your ship, John, and homeward steer—

OF ULY BALLAD.—Illustrated by J. A. Mitchell.

And landed, as mad as he could be;
For he saw, as he panted up the hill,
That the lovers were kissing, as lovers will.
"You rascal, what are you doing?"
And Jonathan answered, "Wooing."

Then Bull grew madder, as you may suppose,
For he shook his fist under Jonathan's nose.
"That girl shall never become your wife,
If I have to pummel you out of life!"
Jonathan looked at his great big fist,

And stripped up the sleeve on his own little wrist,
While the lady who this disturbance made
Stood holding his coat, and was sore afraid.
It was clear there was mischief brewing—
A fight as well as a wooing.

Will only let go! But he will let go,
For little Columbia has a pet bird,
That now will make itself seen and heard.
The bull-dog will soon be ruing
That he was at Jonathan's wooing!

Down swoops the eagle, and holds him in check;
Its terrible talon is in his neck,
And it will go deeper, deeper down
Before he reaches Columbia's gown!
John and Jonathan have a new round,

And John has got Jonathan on the ground:
Mind your-eye, my brave little man,
And, since he's choking you, kick if you can!
Somebody will be boo-hooing
Before you finish your wooing!

You will get more kicks than coppers here.
You call for your bull-dog—where is he?
The eagle is dropping him into the sea!
Look out, or you'll find it pursuing
You, for your share in the wooing!

Jonathan was Columbia's beau,
So he put on his coat and best chapeau,
And they sat together, in sun and shade,
Two happy lovers, of no one afraid!
She petted her brave old eagle, while he

Told how the ship was standing to sea,
Never to bring John Bull any more:
If it did, he'd thrash him worse than before!
And then, his kisses renewing,
Jonathan went on wooing!—R. H. STODDARD.